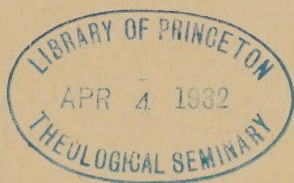


JEWELS THE GIANT DROPPED



EDITH EBERLE & GRACE McGAVRAN



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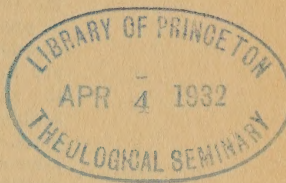
JEWELS THE GIANT DROPPED

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*A COURSE ON THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
FOR JUNIOR BOYS AND GIRLS*

The Stories by
EDITH EBERLE

The Course by
GRACE W. MCGAVRAN



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PART I
THE STORIES

INTRODUCTION

FOUR hundred years ago five small ships were venturing from Spain across the Pacific Ocean. The sailors were unhappy and afraid. They had been sailing a long time. Of course their captain, Magellan, was sure they would get back sometime, because he believed the world was a globe. So did many other people; but these frightened sailors, who had not dreamed there could be such a wide ocean, were not so sure about it. Anyway, they were tired of sailing. The water tasted old and musty, and the food was scarce and very poor.

After a long while they began to see many beautiful islands. Finally they landed on one of them. The small brown people who came shyly down to the shore to meet them were friendly and gave them good fresh water, fish, chickens, custard apples, *papayas*, bananas, and other delicious tropical fruits. Magellan decided to stay a while. Thinking his king would like to own these islands, he planted a Spanish flag in the sand along the shore and took possession of them in the king's name. Later they were named for this king, Felipe, or Philip. This is why we call them the Philippine Islands, the Islands of Philip. The Filipinos themselves call their land *Islas Filipinas*.

Now the people of the island did not know about Christ and did not follow the Christian religion. They worshipped the sun and many spirits, and often made sacrifices to these spirits; they held religious feasts in honor of their various gods and prayed to them; they also prayed

to their dead ancestors and sometimes made images of them. They did not have churches. Magellan placed a cross beside his flag, and he and his men knelt in the sand and prayed while the wondering brown folk looked on.

When the ships returned to Spain and the king heard about the islands, he wanted to add them to his kingdom; he hoped to get silk, gold and spices from them. However, it was fifty years before the Spaniards went to claim the islands. When they did go they took missionaries with them.

These first missionaries to the Philippines were Catholic priests and friars. Father Andres de Urdaneta went with the first expedition, and since he had already made the voyage to Mexico and back, Legaspi, the man going out to be governor, was glad to have him as guide and counsellor. The king of Spain was very anxious to have the Filipinos become Christians, and that was why he sent many Spanish missionaries. Of these, many were earnest and sincere and worked hard for the people; others were not really interested in the people, but went to the new country for the sake of travel and adventure, and to get wealth.

The priests opened schools and taught the people. They told them about Christ, and led them to become Christians. All over the Islands they showed the men how to build strong houses and helped them build beautiful churches. They built roads and bridges. They brought in new animals and plants. They helped protect the Filipinos from foreign invaders, and sometimes they even led the Filipinos in revolt against the Spanish rulers, with whom the priests did not always agree. The church was as powerful as the government, and sometimes the friars

had even more power than the government officials.

Among the men who went out from Spain as priests, some were cruel, unjust, and dishonest in their dealings with the Filipinos. As these men gained more power and more money, they were tempted to greater wrongdoing. Not only did they neglect to teach and to help the people, but they themselves often exploited the people and tried to keep them in ignorance. Because of these great wrongs, the people sometimes hated the priests.

The tribes of Filipinos who live in the lowlands and along the coastal plains were the easiest to reach and the first to be Christianized. They are known today as the Christian tribes. It was not so easy to get the friendship of the mountain tribes, because they were fiercer and could hide in the mountains and attack any unwelcome visitors. Only a few of the mountain people ever heard the story of Christ and became Christians.

A very different group, living in the southernmost islands, were the Moros. They had been already converted to another religion, Islam, by Arab traders and were very loyal to their faith. The Moros were bold men who loved the ocean and ventured far in their pirate boats. The people of the northern islands feared them, for the Moros were accustomed to attack them, burn their villages, kill the men and boys or drive them away, and take the women and girls as slaves. The Moros did not like the Spaniards, and would not let them enter their part of the country. Eventually Spain conquered many of their islands and cities, and a few priests were sent to teach them, but few Moros ever became Christians.

After a few years the Spanish priests began to train Filipino boys to become priests. One of the finest of

these boys was known later as Father Burgos. He was a studious, industrious young man and a scholar. When he was made a priest he worked hard for the good of his people. He saw that many of the friars were selfish, not concerned with religion at all, but only wanting to grow rich and to live easy lives. These friars had persuaded the Queen of Spain to give the best churches to the Spanish priests, and the difficult, poor, and out-of-the-way places to Filipinos. Burgos thought that was not fair. When a new governor-general came from Spain, Father Burgos pointed out this injustice. Because he listened to Father Burgos and dealt justly with the Filipinos, the Spanish friars became angry, and when another governor came, they accused the Filipino priests of being traitors and persuaded the new governor to punish them. Many loyal Filipinos were put to death. Among them were Father Burgos and two other priests who were trying to help the people. Father Burgos was shot one early morning in Manila. Many men were thrown into prison, some into dungeons into which the ocean water came at high tide so that the prisoners were drowned. Others were exiled. Those were hard days.

The killing of the three priests had the effect of making the Filipinos strive harder for independence. There were revolts and uprisings. Of course there had always been revolts against Spain, but now the people were more determined to gain their freedom than ever before. Many secret societies were organized. Some of them were working for independence; others thought they could reform Spanish rule in the Islands; still others wanted to bring the Islands under the laws that ruled Spain itself.

Among the many great leaders of the Filipinos, José

Rizal was the greatest. To this day he is the martyr-hero of Philippine history. Because of his brilliance of mind, his excellent education, his bravery in speaking against the Spanish cruelties, and his consequent influence over his people, the Spaniards hated him. He was exiled, but later pardoned. Again he was taken prisoner, and this time the Spanish rulers put him to death. The execution of Rizal acted as a match in powder. The Filipinos could bear no more, and the revolution broke out. About this time the United States went to war with Spain, and part of the campaign took place in the Philippines. Naturally in these circumstances the Americans helped the Filipinos in their revolt against Spain and sent an army to occupy the Island. When the war was over the United States set up a form of government in the Islands, promising to help the Filipinos govern the country, develop the natural resources, improve health conditions, establish schools, and in other ways to help the people, and eventually, at a time not stated, to permit the people their independence.

Missionaries from the United States then went to the Philippines to teach the Filipinos about Christ. Under the Spanish rule the people had never been permitted to have Bibles in their own homes; now the American missionaries began making Bibles available to everybody. They tried to help the people know Christ better, and since there was great need for better physical knowledge and care, they began to open hospitals and train doctors and nurses. Since the government, with the very active cooperation of the Filipino leaders, also established hospitals and other health agencies, improvements in health and sanitation were very rapid.

The United States government established a new and very fine school system. Since at first all school work was carried on in English, only Americans were teachers. But in a short time their Filipino students were able to teach in English, and today most of the teachers are Filipinos. The schools are crowded. As educated Filipinos come into responsible positions in the government, they are reminding the United States of its promise of independence for their country. It is their great hope and ambition to be a free nation. We, too, look forward to that day.

JEWELS THE GIANT DROPPED

ONE day when the sun was shining its brightest, and the air was so clear that they could look away off and see the palm trees on a dozen different islands, a group of Filipino children along the seashore were swimming in the blue water, jumping the waves, and running races along the white sand. There is much sea water, as blue as the sky, and much shining white sand in the Philippine Islands. No one has very far to go to get to the ocean. When the children were tired they began to play at building rice fields in the sand. Presently an old, old man came along, and he too started to play at making rice fields.

"Grandfather," said one of the boys, "tell us a story."

"What kind of story?" said the old, old man, smiling.

"About a giant!" said one boy.

"About fairies!" said the little girls.

"About our lovely islands!" said a fisherman who sat near, mending his nets.

"About jewels!" said the older girls.

"Very well, then, I shall tell you about all of them," said the old, old man, and he began.

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, there were no islands here. Only the blue sea rolled and sparkled in the sunlight. And the waves rolled on and on until they reached China, with never an island to whisper to, and never a palm tree to wave to, in all the broad blue Pacific.

"In those days there lived a giant who used to walk

around in the sea. He was so tall that his head reached the sky and his feet rested on the ocean floor. His hands reached from the east to the west. His beard was sea-foam and his hair was clouds. One day the giant was out taking a walk. He was carrying a little world from one side of the ocean to the other. He held it balanced in both hands, and he walked *so* carefully. And he kept thinking what a splash that world would make if he dropped it into the blue Pacific. After a while he began to get hungry. It was really too bad that he had to go so slowly and so carefully. He would be late for dinner. After another while he began to get tired as well as hungry. He didn't go quite so carefully now, and once he nearly dropped the little world he was carrying.

"Then he got sleepy. The sun had gone down and the stars were twinkling all around his head. Their blinking made him sleepier and sleepier. Suddenly he tripped—he had forgotten all about that great big rock in the bottom of the ocean. The little world slipped out of his hands, and came down kersplash. When it hit the blue Pacific it broke up into thousands of pieces. 'I'll pick them up in the morning,' said the poor tired giant, and trudged on.

"When he came back the next morning, what do you think he saw? Thousands and thousands of islands, with green grass and palm trees waving in the morning breeze. The giant roared with pleasure and shouted to the sun, 'Do you see these lovely jewels lying in the broad blue ocean? I made them when I dropped that little world. And I am going to name them the Jewels of the Pacific.'

"If you listen carefully down by the shore today," said the old, old man, "you will hear the waves whispering to the islands as they roll past on their way to China."

THE QUEEREST PLACE TO KEEP A BIBLE

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, there lived in a little village in the Philippine Islands a man whose name was Arcadio de la Cruz. Arcadio's house was like most of the other houses of the village except for one thing. In the little cupboard which held the hard pillows covered with red cloth something was hidden away. It was a Bible.

No one else in the village had a Bible. Most of the women and girls of the village, and many of the men and boys, went to the big church on Sunday and listened to the priest say the mass. Some of the boys helped him. Two of the stronger boys went up into the big bell tower near the church and rang the bell, and others carried incense burners, crosses, and the various articles needed for the mass. On special days, such as Christmas and Easter, everybody went to church. And of course one always went to church on one's birthday, for a special talk with the priest. There were many processions in which everybody marched and carried lighted candles.

In the churches the people had been taught about God and Jesus, and they knew about the Bible and were taught stories from it. But just as it was in Europe a long while ago, the people were not allowed to have Bibles in their own homes. The priests said that ordinary people could not understand what was meant in the Bible, and they used to take away any copies of it they found in people's homes. Sometimes they even put people in prison for

having a copy. So you can see why Arcadio kept his book hidden away among the hard pillows in the little cupboard.

Arcadio loved his Bible, and every day he read it. One day the priest came to his house and stopped beside the bamboo ladder. "*Apo, apo,*" he called. Now Arcadio could see who it was and was very much frightened. He knew the priest would want to take away his Bible, and he was afraid he would put him in prison. But a Filipino is always polite, so Arcadio answered, "*Apo, apo,*" and then said, "Come up into my humble house." He gave the priest the very best chair, a big rocking chair with wide arms, and Arcadio's wife hurried out to get some refreshment for the visitor while the two men talked.

"Arcadio, you have a Bible," said the priest.

"Yes, I have," answered Arcadio. "And I love the book very much. It makes me a better man to read it."

"You must give it to me," said the priest. "It is not best for you to have it."

"I like it too much to give it up," said Arcadio, shaking his head. "It can't be wrong for me to read for myself the stories of Jesus."

The priest started to answer him, but just then Arcadio's wife came into the room and the conversation stopped. She had a big glass full of cocoanut milk sweetened with brown sugar, with pieces of soft cocoanut floating around in it. The visitor looked pleased, and as he sipped the delicious and refreshing drink he talked of other things.

They were having a nice visit and Arcadio hoped the priest had forgotten about the Bible. But as he left, the priest looked at Arcadio and said in a stern voice, "Re-

member, Arcadio, what I have told you. Do not be surprised if you have trouble."

"What did he mean, Arcadio?" asked his wife as soon as the priest was gone. "What was he talking about?"

"He found out that I have a Bible," replied Arcadio, who looked as though he did not want to tell. "He wants me to give it to him, but I have refused. He is warning me of what may happen."

"You had better give it to him," his wife cried in alarm. "I told you, Arcadio, that some harm would come to us. Don't you remember how robbers came into my uncle's house and took his Bible and all the images away? Don't you remember how Cousin Manuelo was put into prison because he had a Bible? I wish you would give your book to the priest. He will read it to you sometimes. Please don't keep it. You will get us all into trouble."

While his wife was cooking supper, Arcadio thought the matter over. He might be brave for himself, but he did not want his family to suffer. Yet he couldn't give up his Bible, it meant too much to him. Then he thought of a plan. He would hide it and not tell anyone, even his wife, for fear they would be frightened and tell where it was. That night, when everyone in the village was asleep, he took his Bible down to the bank of the little river on which the village was located. There he saw a big rock. Feeling in behind the rock, he found a hole just large enough to hold his book. There he hid it.

After that, every morning very early, before the family was awake, Arcadio would get up, roll up his straw mat, put the bamboo ladder in its place, and go down to the river. There he would take out his Bible, read a chapter or two, and hide it away for another day. He had to get

up early, because after a while almost the whole village would be down by the river's edge. Someone might see him and tell.

For a while all went well. Then one night there was a big rain. When the rainy season comes, it rains very hard. As the rivers are short and the mountains are near, the water rises rapidly. What the Filipinos say is, "The rivers become very tall." And that night the river that wound past Arcadio's village rose so rapidly that the rock in which the Bible was hidden was completely covered before Arcadio could rescue his book. As soon as the waters receded, Arcadio hastened down to the river. He put his hand into the hole in the rock and it was empty. His Bible was gone.

Farther on down the stream, near the ocean, was a fishing village, and in that village lived a very famous story-teller. Boys and girls and grown-up people, too, used to crowd around to listen to him. He could tell such exciting stories—all about giants and fairies and the days when only the pigmies lived on the island. The morning after the big rain the story-teller was crossing the river on his narrow little bamboo raft when he saw something black floating on the water. Very quickly he turned his raft about and fished it out. It was a book. He dried the pages and began to read. The next time he told stories he chose the story of the Good Samaritan from the book he had found. The boys and girls liked the story so well that he continued telling stories from this book. He told them the stories of Jesus and David and Joseph. His fame as a story-teller grew greater and greater.

Times changed in the Philippine Islands. With the

coming of the American government there came also American missionaries, and new liberties and opportunities for all. The people were given Bibles, and no one was afraid to keep his Bible wherever he wished.

A Filipino preacher came to the fishing village one day and began telling the people stories as they gathered around him under the big mango tree. As they listened someone cried, "Our story-teller has been telling us those same stories. Do you know them too? Are they really true stories?"

"Of course they are," said the preacher. "Where did your story-teller hear them?"

"Let's find him and ask him," said the people. "Because we really don't know where he heard them."

So they hurried off and found the story-teller and he told about finding the book. He was as glad as the rest of the people to find that the stories were true.

One day this same preacher came to Arcadio's village, and Arcadio was among those who listened to him. When the preacher told about the story-teller and the Bible which he had found in the water, Arcadio cried out, his face as happy as Christmas morning, "Oh, I wonder if that wasn't my Bible!" And he told the story of his lost book.

"We'll go down and see," said the preacher. They climbed into the ox-cart and guided the patient cow by one little rope wrapped around the horns, along the narrow roads and across the rice paddies until they came to the fishing village. They hurried to find the story-teller and to ask him for the book he had found in the water so long ago. Arcadio took the book with eager hands. Sure enough, it was his Bible.

WHEN MOTHER WAS SICK

TODAY was a holiday. Yesterday Father had promised Roque that he would take him along to the rice fields and let him ride the awkward old carabao, or water buffalo. Roque knew that Father would stay all day in the fields, cutting the golden stalks of rice and tying them into small bundles. When the carabao became very warm, it would be fun to guide him to the big mud puddle, and to let him go in and wallow in the mud and water until only his horns and head stuck out. After a little while they would go back to work again. When it was cool in the evening, they would come home with so many bundles of rice loaded on to the carabao's back that one could scarcely see him. Roque would ride on top. He was going to have such fun!

It was late when Roque awoke. The sun was shining in through a little hole in the thatched roof, and even a very little ray of sun can be very bright in the Philippines. Roque sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he rubbed them a second time, and shook himself a little. He could scarcely believe what he saw. Mother still lay on her straw mat on the floor. She was paying no attention to baby sister Angela, who was crawling around on the mat beside her. Roque tossed aside the light covering and jumped up. Mother never stayed in bed when the sun was as high as this, and of course she always took good care of baby sister. Something must be wrong! Just the

same, she managed a faint smile when Roque hurried to her side.

"Father has already gone to the rice fields, but we did not call you to go along."

Roque tried not to look disappointed. A boy who is ten must be brave.

Mother was talking. "I am sick today, and I needed you and Carlota to do the work and look after the baby." As she talked she put out her hand and touched Roque, and he was surprised to feel how hot it was.

"Why, Mother, that's all right," he said bravely. "What shall I do first?"

"Roll up the mats, son," she said. That was just the same as saying, "Make the beds."

Roque rolled the pillows and bright-colored bedspreads inside the straw mats, and laid them over in the corner. Carlota was already in the kitchen cooking breakfast. She was squatting on the bamboo floor before the small flat earthenware stove, and shoving sticks of wood under the jar where the rice was already bubbling. It is hot work in a hot country to sit so close to an open fire and cook, and Carlota's face was very red.

"What can I do?" asked Roque coming into the kitchen.

"Please bring me a banana leaf," answered Carlota.

So Roque hurried out to a banana tree and brought a long leaf. It must have been three feet long, but even then it was not one of the really big leaves. Carlota tore off a piece of it and used it as a cover for the rice. She tore off other pieces for plates. When the rice was done, the three children sat on the kitchen floor and ate rice and bananas with their fingers. Then Carlota took some

of the rice, put it in a jar, mixed it with water, and cooked it a little more for Mother.

When breakfast was over, Carlota threw away the banana leaf dishes, placed two jars on her head, and started to the river to bring water. She took the baby along, carrying her on her hip. While they were gone Roque swept the bamboo floor. Putting a piece of banana leaf under each foot, he skated up and down until the bamboos shone and Mother opened her eyes and smiled at him. Then he took the pony down to the river for a drink. Then Carlota came back and they all went to market. After this the children were glad that it was time for the afternoon nap.

The pet monkey wakened them, chattering and scolding because they had been so busy that they had forgotten to feed him. They all went out in the yard where he was fastened with a short chain to a long pole. As soon as he saw them he came running down the pole, chattering away. Roque unfastened the chain, and the monkey jumped up on his arm and began nosing around for peanuts.

Along came a dog, and the monkey jumped up on Roque's head and held on as tight as he could. That made Angela laugh. But Roque cried, "Ouch, you're hurting me!" and right away he put the monkey back on the long pole and fastened him with the chain again. Then he brought him some cold boiled rice and some water in a cocoanut shell.

Father came home early because he was worried about Mother. Her face and hands were still hot, and she looked very sick.

"Do you know," said Father, "I was talking with

Adriano in the fields this noon while we rested in the shade. He told me about the missionary doctor. He said the doctor is very skillful at curing fevers. I do not know him, but I think I will go to the hospital and ask him to come to see your mother."

Father hurried off to the hospital in the big town near by. It did not seem long until he was back, and with him were the big smiling doctor and a Filipina nurse.

After the doctor had talked with Mother, he asked Carlota and Roque what they had given her to eat. He seemed pleased when Carlota told him, and he smiled and said, "I think you would make a good nurse. Perhaps you will come to the hospital and study nursing when you are older."

He talked a little more with Carlota and Roque, and they were very proud because they understood English and could answer his questions. Then he sat and talked with Father. All at once he looked at his watch and said, "Well, well, I must be hurrying along. My wife will be waiting for me." Roque knew the Americans had clocks, but he had never seen a clock carried in a pocket. When the doctor saw how big the boy's eyes were, he let him hold the watch in his own hands.

"The children have given their mother splendid care, but I want to leave Miss Garduque with you tonight. She is one of our best nurses and will know just what to do. I will come again in the morning," said the doctor as he was leaving.

Father went with him into the yard, and as they talked about Mother the doctor said, "If she isn't much better tomorrow, I wish she might go to the hospital for a little while. She would get the best care there."

Miss Garduque said she would stay up all night and take care of Mother, and that all the rest of them should go to bed. Carlota thought she would lie awake and watch, so she could be learning how to be a nurse, but she was asleep almost as soon as she had spread her mat on the floor. The next thing she knew Father was calling her. "Get up, daughter, and go to the river for fresh water while I cook the breakfast."

Mother was awake, and Miss Garduque was doing some things for her. Everyone hurried about to get the work done, and everything was in order when the doctor came.

"Your wife is no worse," he said to Father after he had talked with her and with the nurse, "but I hope you will decide to send her to the hospital for a few days, as I suggested to you last night."

Carlota was afraid she was going to cry. The nurse took hold of her hand and said, "That will be the very best thing for her. You must come to the hospital to see her, and I will show you the way we work there."

So it was decided, and everyone was busy getting ready for the trip. They had in the house a big hammock made of reeds and rattan woven together. It was used as a cradle for the baby, but it would be the very thing in which to carry Mother. Several men offered to help carry her in it to the hospital.

Father went along, and he stayed all day. At dark the children heard him coming and ran out to meet him. They were very glad when he told them what a fine place the hospital was. They were taking wonderful care of Mother and she liked it there, he said. She would need to stay at least a week.

While they were eating supper, Father said, "Now I have a surprise for you. Since tomorrow is Sunday, we can go very early to the hospital. We will all go; even Angela can go. We will visit Mother, and then I will stay with her and keep Angela with me while you two children go with Miss Garduque to the church, to the school they have every Sunday morning. I like the people at the hospital. I like the way they treat everybody."

That Sunday was the most interesting and happiest day. Mother was better; the hospital was a fine place; the nurses were all friendly; the songs and stories at the church school were delightful. Roque and Carlota ate their luncheon with the nurses in the dining room at the hospital. Carlota liked sitting at a table and using a fork. She wished she were old enough to begin studying to be a nurse at once. In the evening they went home, talking all the way.

When they reached home Grandmother was there. She would look after Angela, take care of the house, and keep the little store which Mother kept, in a room in the lower part of the house. Carlota and Roque could go to school as usual, and everything would be all right. In a week Mother returned from the hospital. The doctor thought she ought to stay longer, but Grandmother had to go back to her own home, and Mother thought the children needed her. She felt better and was sure she would soon be well.

Roque and Carlota began going to the Sunday school they had visited when Mother was at the hospital. They loved it and went every Sunday. Mother often said, "It was really almost a good thing that I was sick. We should never have known Miss Garduque otherwise, and you would never have found out about the Sunday school."

OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS

ONE evening when Carlota and Roque were sitting near their mother's mat, their father said, "I think it would be a good thing for your mother to go up to the mountains for a while. It is almost time for the hot winds to blow, and we want her to be quite well and strong by then. I'm afraid she wouldn't be able to stand them this year."

"Oh, Father," said Carlota, "do you suppose I could go too?"

"I think that would be very nice," said Mother. "Carlota has been such a comfort to me, and she is so good at helping with Angela."

"What would we do here without them?" asked Roque.

"I have already written to Grandmother," said Father, smiling, "and she will come and stay and look after the house and keep the store for us."

"I'd have to miss school," said Carlota, rather doubtfully.

"We might," said Mother, "go to see Señor Valeriano. Do you children remember him? He used to live in that little house around the corner. He is the school teacher in the mountain village now. I am sure his little girl, Nicerata, will take you to school with her, Carlota, and you won't be so far behind when you come back, after all."

"I'd like that," said Carlota. "Do they have the same kind of school?"

"Very much the same," said her father.

"Is it a long way off?" said Roque, who had been studying geography that month in school.

"It will take all the first day in the ox-cart to go to Uncle Pedro's house," said Father. "Then there is half a day on the train, and after that another half day in an automobile up the mountain road."

"I want to go too," said Roque. "I've never been on a train in my whole life."

"Perhaps you and I can go clear up to the mountains and bring the others home when Mother is well," said Father. "The rice harvest will be over then."

The next day everyone was busy helping to make arrangements. The neighbor women made some warm clothes for the travelers. Roque promised Carlota that he would not forget to feed the pet monkey. It was agreed that Father would take them as far as Uncle Pedro's, and Grandmother would return with him.

When the morning for the trip arrived, Carlota was up before daylight, preparing breakfast and finishing the packing. Soon Father had the ox-cart at the door. Mother climbed in and settled herself comfortably on the soft bed of straw and blankets which Roque had arranged the night before. Angela, still sleepy, was nestling beside Mother, and was hugging her doll close in her arms. Carlota was looking anxiously about to see if they had everything. There were rice, eggs tied up in banana leaves, several cakes of sugar, and a jar to use for cooking on the way. There were baskets of clothes and blankets. Carlota got into the cart, Roque handed her the food and jar, and then, for he was going with Father as far as the railroad, he climbed in too. A neighbor had promised to watch the house and keep the store.

The neighbors all crowded around to wave good-by. Some of them pinched Mother, which is the Filipino way of saying they were sorry she was going away. Others rubbed their lips against her cheeks, first one cheek and then the other, which is the Filipino way of kissing. Everybody said, "May you have good luck and come home well and strong."

"If it is God's will," answered Mother.

Then Father climbed on the cow's back and guided her out of the yard, while all the neighbors called out, "*Dios ti cumoyog*" (God go with you), and Mother's brave voice replied, "*Dios ti agbatti*" (God stay with you).

At first the road was very narrow and winding; in fact it was hardly a road at all, just a narrow lane. After an hour or more of traveling they were out on the main highway leading to the town where Uncle Pedro lived. The cow seemed slower than usual. Roque wished they could ride in one of the automobiles that passed. By noon it was so hot that everybody was glad when Father said, "We will stop here for our lunch and rest a while."

He turned the cow from the road, and they were soon seated in the shade of several big trees. Other travelers had arrived before them. Soon everybody was talking like old friends. Roque spread a blanket on the ground for Mother, and Father unhitched the cow. Carlota and Roque found some sticks of wood. While Roque was building the fire Carlota got out the jar, put the jar on her head, and went to the stream for water. In less than no time the rice was bubbling on the fire, and soon the whole family were eating their rice, eggs, and sugar. After that, Father, Mother, and little Angela went to sleep. Carlota and Roque went with the other children

who were traveling with their parents that day, down to the stream to play and tell stories.

After a while Father called, "Come, children, it is time to start." The sun was now low in the sky and it was cooler. The yoke was put over the cow's neck, Carlota gathered up the cooking jar and Mother's blanket, the family climbed into the cart. All the travelers were getting ready to start, and everyone said good-by.

The cow was rested and went faster now, but it was dark long before they reached Uncle Pedro's. Father lighted a torch. He no longer rode on the cow's back, but sat in the front of the cart. Roque sat beside him and held the torch out at the side so that no one would run into them. Angela was fast asleep. Mother began singing in her low, sweet voice, "I Love to Tell the Story." The tune was the same as ours, but of course the words sounded different in their language. Father and Carlota joined in the singing. Then the people in the cart behind began singing songs too, and then the ones behind them, until there was a whole procession of ox-carts with flaring pine torches and everybody singing.

Finally they reached the town and turned into the doorway of the house where Uncle Pedro lived. The family had already gone to bed, but they got up quickly as soon as Father called, "*Apo, apo!*" They were all so happy to see one another, and had so much to say that they almost forgot to eat. Supper was prepared, and soon afterward they went to bed.

The next morning all of Uncle Pedro's family drove to the railroad with them. They wanted to see the travelers off. Carlota was afraid when she saw the train come roaring down the track, and she took tight hold of

Father's hand. Everyone was talking at once, saying good-by and looking at the people who were getting off the train. Then Father and Uncle Pedro put Mother and Angela and Carlota on the train. The conductor blew his whistle and the train started.

It seemed to Carlota that they were almost flying. Houses, rice fields, and trees fairly danced past. At one station some boys came to the windows with candy made of brown sugar and cocoanut and wrapped in a banana leaf. Mother bought some, and it was very good. Carlota wished she could save some for Roque. About noon they stopped at a pretty little station. The conductor stuck his head into the window and said, "This is where you get off. Did you like the train ride, little girl?"

Carlota smiled and helped Mother out of the train, and the conductor and the other passengers helped with baby Angela and the packages. At the station a little car was waiting. They got in with the other passengers, and soon were climbing up steep hills and winding around curves. Just at dark they reached Señor Valeriano's village.

Señor Valeriano and Nicerata were waiting. The village road was very narrow. Some of the mountain men carried Mother in a big chair, while she held Angela on her lap. Carlota and Nicerata walked beside Señor Valeriano. They were so glad when they reached the house and met Nicerata's mother and found she had warm food and a bright, warm fire ready to welcome them. All too soon it was bedtime. Carlota had never been in such a cold place in all her life. She was glad there were warm blankets to snuggle under.

"Tomorrow," called Nicerata from her mat, "tomorrow I'll show you all the places I like best."

CARLOTA SEES THE UPLAND VILLAGE

“**D**O you want to get up and come with me to see the village?” asked a voice in Carlota’s dreams. But when she opened her eyes she found that it wasn’t a dream at all. Right beside her was her new friend, Nicerata. Then Carlota remembered—last evening she had come to this strange village in the mountains. How glad she was that Nicerata was just her own age. Carlota crawled out from under her covers. Mother was still sleeping, so Carlota was quiet. Mother must rest and sleep and breathe the clear mountain air and eat good food, so that after a while she would be well and they could go back home to Father and Roque and the pet monkey.

The village was built right on the side of a mountain. Carlota was almost afraid to look down the steep mountain side, but it was pleasantly exciting to look up and up and see trees and houses high above you. “Do you see the rice terraces?” asked Nicerata, pointing to a farther hillside.

“Where can there be any rice fields?” asked Carlota. “There isn’t any place big enough or flat enough for a rice field.”

“Way over there,” pointed Nicerata, laughing. Finally Carlota saw them. They were built up on the steep mountain sides, one terrace above another, each terrace held in place by a stone wall.

“Where do they ever get enough water for a rice field?”

inquired Carlota. She knew the rice fields at home were like lakes when the rice was planted. Rice needs such lots of water for growing.

"Oh, this is mountain rice, and it doesn't grow in water. The men who own the terraces have a way of carrying water through bamboo poles to the field. That is enough water for mountain rice."

As Nicerata led her friend about the town, little girls of the village peeped out to see the newcomer. They had the same brown skin and eyes and black hair that Carlota had, but they seemed to be of heavier and sturdier build. Their dresses were different, too. Carlota and Nicerata were dressed just about as American girls are dressed in the summertime. But the little girls of this village had dresses made in many bright colors, and several different colors and kinds of cloth were used in one dress. The mothers had woven the cloth, and all the girls were learning to weave too.

"What is that I hear?" asked Carlota, stopping suddenly and taking hold of Nicerata's hand. "It sounds like music. Where is it?" Just then a boy about her age came around the corner of a house. He was playing the strangest kind of musical instrument. It looked like a piece of bamboo.

"Please show us your bamboo flute," coaxed Nicerata. "This is my new friend who has just come from my town down in the lowlands."

The boy came over to where the girls were standing and showed Carlota the length of bamboo and the clever arrangement of holes in one end.

"Where did you buy it?" asked Carlota, who thought how much she would like to take one home to her brother.

"I made it," explained the boy. "Do you want to play on it?" Carlota tried to blow it, but there was no sound.

"Look," said the boy, and he took the bamboo in his hands and began blowing in the little hole in the end. And he made sweet music.

"Let me show you my sister's way of making music. Come into our house, will you?" The girls went in with him and saw the sister busy at her loom. She stopped work at once and smiled shyly at Carlota. Her musical instrument was just a bamboo tube also, but it was cut at the end in such a way that when she hit it against the palm of her hand there was music.

"Would you like to play it?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, yes," answered Carlota.

She took it and tried to make a tune but couldn't even make a noise.

"Never mind," said the little girl. "The next time you come I'll teach you. And brother will make you a bamboo tube that you can take home with you when you go, won't you, Brother?"

"I'd like to," said the boy. "And if you have a brother, I'll make a flute for him too."

"I want to learn right now," said Carlota, eagerly.

"I can't teach you now, because I must finish my weaving before time for school," said the little girl, "but I will this afternoon."

"May I see what you are making?" asked Carlota. She was delighted with the pretty skirt that was being woven on the big long loom. "I wish I could weave like this. When we go home I am going to ask Grandmother to teach me. Your cloth is so lovely."

"We must go now, Carlota, it's almost time for breakfast," said Nicerata. "Good-by. We'll come again."

It was decided that Carlota could go to school here quite as well as at home, so she would not need to miss so much work. Angela could play with Nicerata's small brother, and Mother could watch her.

As they walked down the street to school, Carlota began noticing the houses of the village. They were all well made, and looked stronger than the houses in Carlota's village. It is cold in the mountains, and people need to build houses that will keep the cold out.

The mountain boys and girls studied hard and learned quickly, and Carlota liked the school very much. Nicerata's father, Señor Valeriano, was such a nice teacher, even nicer than the one she had had at home.

One day he said to the children, "It isn't very long until time for the town fiesta. Last year we all took part in a play. What do you want to do this year?"

"Let's have a procession," said one of the boys. "I would make a good leader for that."

"We want to have another play," said the girls. "It was so much fun last year."

"I think it would be nicest to have an exhibit," said one boy. "Last time we did that we had ten prizes in our school."

"Why don't the boys have a bamboo band?" asked one of the girls.

"How would you like to do one of the old mountain dances?" suggested Señor Valeriano. "We could choose some of the finest ones, and those of us who don't know them could learn them."

"I'd like that," said Carlota. "Then when I go home I could show Roque how to do it."

They talked about it a while, and decided to have the bamboo band, the exhibit, and the mountain dance. The end could be a procession around the bonfire in the evening.

How they did work getting ready for that fiesta! They studied harder than ever, so as to have time to practise. A committee was appointed to choose the very best things that had been done in the school to display in the exhibit. All the boys who knew how to play any kind of bamboo instrument, practised so they could be in the band.

Carlota was the only girl who did not know the dance. Nicerata and the little girl who could weave taught her after school. One evening Nicerata's mother opened the wooden chest in the corner and took out a mountain girl's dress. "We must see if it still fits you, Nicerata," she said. "You will want to wear it when you give the dance."

Nicerata put it on. It was too small. She couldn't even wiggle her arms into place. Nicerata was almost ready to cry, but her mother laughed.

"That's just what I thought," she said. "Let's see how it fits Carlota. You might lend it to her for the dance."

Carlota's eyes were as big as saucers. It was a most especially lovely dress. The layers of materials in the skirt were of such bright colors, and the little jacket was made of red and yellow checked cloth. Carlota held her breath as she put her arms into the sleeves. It fitted exactly.

"Mother," said Nicerata, "I wish I could *give* it to

Carlota. Then she could take it home and show it to Roque and to her father."

"That is a good idea," said her mother. So Carlota wore Nicerata's dress, and Nicerata's mother got her another one, almost as pretty.

The day came for the fiesta. Everyone was up bright and early. There was so much to see and to do. The exhibit was a great success. There were eleven prizes this time. Carlota's map got one of the prizes. The bamboo band played up and down the streets. Evening came and the big bonfire was lighted. Then came the most fun of all, the mountain dance. The girls and boys first danced it alone. They moved in a wide circle about the fire, slowly and with graceful gliding movements. Their arms were extended high above their heads, and were waved about in rhythm, keeping time to the beating of the drums. Then the men and women joined in, and everybody danced around the bonfire together. Some of the men who were beating the drums joined in, carrying their drums high in front of them.

After the dance everyone formed in a procession, which was led by the head man or chief of the village and by the school children, and marched through the village and around and about the fire, chanting one of the weird old mountain songs.

"I like this village and these people," said Carlota as the two girls walked home with Señor Valeriano. "Mother's getting so well, I suppose we'll have to go home soon. But I'm glad we came here to live a while."

"The mountain people are fine people," said Señor Valeriano. "We also like to live here."

"Are there other villages?" asked Carlota.

"Many of them," answered Señor Valeriano. "The mountain tribes are strong and brave and industrious. Their customs are different from ours, like the beautiful dance tonight, but they're all the more interesting to us on that account. Now run along, and hurry to bed, for it's late. But we *have* had lots of fun today, haven't we?"

THE OLD HEAD-HUNTER'S VILLAGE

SCHOOL was over. Two whole months of vacation! Carlota and Nicerata were busy learning to play on the bamboo flutes that the village boy had made for them. Down the crooked hilly street they could see the postman with his big bag of mail. He only came once a week, and Carlota kept hoping that there would be a letter from Roque. She wondered if he had remembered to feed the pet monkey.

The postman knew Nicerata. "Here is a letter for someone staying at your house," he said.

It was for Carlota's mother, and the girls hurried in with it. Mother opened it and read it at once, "So Roque and I will come up to bring you back home," it ended, "and we will make arrangements at home so that we can stay and visit there with you for a few days."

"When will they be here?" asked Carlota, so excited at the prospect of seeing Roque that she could hardly wait.

Mother looked at the date of the letter. "It's taken so long to get here," she said, "that they are actually going to arrive this very evening."

Nicerata and Carlota hurried off to find Nicerata's father and tell him the happy news. "Do you girls remember what I was telling you about those villages over the mountain where the head-hunters used to live?" he asked. "I am going to one of them tomorrow. The chief wants me to tell him about schools. He wants one in his

village. Do you think, Carlota, that your father and Roque would like to go along with me?"

"I know they would," said Carlota, "because I would myself."

"Oh, Father, please, please take us along!" begged Nicerata. "I just know that Mother would let us go. Will you? If she says we may?"

Both families were waiting to greet Roque and Father when the little motor car rounded the last curve in the steep trail and came to a stop. There was Mother, all rosy and strong, and little Angela had grown ever so much. How pleased Father was! Carlota tried to tell Roque everything at once, till he hardly knew which way to turn. Everyone was so happy and excited that no one thought to take the bundles out of the car till it was starting away.

Around the bonfire in the yard that evening they told the newcomers all about the plan for tomorrow.

"Mother has fixed us a lunch of cold rice, and she is letting us take some sweet potatoes. We might cook them in the fire right now," Nicerata said to Carlota. They ran into the house for the potatoes. Señor Valeriano made a deep hole in the ashes, and Roque put them in. Carlota rolled the coals over them with a long stick. Everyone wanted to have a share in the baking.

"Off to bed!" called Mother, as the last potato was covered.

"But, Mother, we *have* to wait till they're ready," said Roque, much puzzled.

Nicerata laughed merrily. "Why, Roque, that will take all night," she said. "In the morning they will still be warm, and oh, so good!"

The sun was just peeping over the mountains next morning when they started out on their visit to the head-hunter's town. One of the men of the village went with them as guide and to lead the little horse, not much bigger than a Shetland pony. The guide's wife went along too, and she carried on her back the big basket of sweet potatoes which was to be a present to the head-hunter. She also carried the lunch of cold rice and sweet potatoes which they had roasted the night before. The girls took turns riding on the pony, and sometimes they walked so that Roque might ride. The trail was beautiful. Big pine trees grew everywhere, and there were ferns and many wild flowers.

At noon they rested on the mountainside, and ate their rice and sweet potatoes and drank from a cold spring. They tried to count the rice terraces on the mountainside opposite them, but somehow they could not distinguish them very well. The mountain woman laughed at them, for it was easy for her to pick out those little rice fields across the valley.

It was almost evening when they reached the village of the head-hunter. As they entered the village they stopped to look at a little house set on a pole. It was not bigger than a bird-house, and a mountain man told them it was a house for evil spirits. Some of the people in this village believed in evil spirits, and they had placed this little house at the entrance of the village and put gifts in it for the spirits. They thought that when a bad spirit came to visit the town he would look into the house, and if he saw nice presents he would go away and not harm the people. There were not many gifts in this house, as most of the people in the village were Christians and did not

believe in these spirits, but the girls saw a little bowl of rice, a wooden comb, and three bright beads.

The visitors stayed that night at the chief's house. He was a very kind man. When it was dark and everybody had had supper, the whole town gathered about a big bonfire. The chief usually sat in the honored seat nearest the fire. But tonight as host he asked Señor Valeriano and Carlota's father to sit there, and the girls and Roque sat with the children of the village.

As they sat and talked, the chief told them of his days of head-hunting when he was a young man. He told them of the ancient feuds with the neighboring villages, and of how when the men went down the trail they used to carry their fighting axes and spears. "Even when we worked in the rice fields," said the chief, "our weapons were near us."

"Those were good old days," said one aged warrior.

"But the time came when I went to the lowlands," continued the chief. "There I did many things which were not permitted. I was from the mountains and my customs were not their customs. One day as I was bargaining in the market place, I saw a man from that village across the valley," and he pointed to a twinkling light far away on the opposite hillside. "That man was an enemy of my family. I had sworn by all we held sacred that I would kill him for what he had done to my father. What should I have done, people of my tribe?"

The old warriors shifted in their seats. "The word of a mountain man once given may never be taken back," they answered simply. "It was your duty to kill him."

The chief nodded. "My word had been given. The man died. But the people of the lowlands did not under-

stand. They put me in prison. For two years I lay there, called by a name not my own. There it was that I learned of Jesus. His way seemed good. I became his follower."

"How did you get back here?" asked Roque timidly, for the chief had stopped talking and was gazing intently into the fire.

"It seemed to me that I *must* come back and tell my people that they did not need to hate, and fear, and kill—that I must show them how to live happily together, and to be at peace with their neighbors. So one dark night I escaped and came home, traveling by starlight and hiding in the bamboo thickets by day."

"So it was that he came home," remarked an old woman. "And we thought it was his ghost come back to us."

"That made them all the more ready to listen to me," chuckled the chief. All the company laughed to think how scared they had been when they first saw the chief on his return. "It has been a long time. Five whole years have gone by. Now see my people. We have invited you here to ask you to help us start a school for our children. We have hung up our axes, and we follow the paths of peace."

The chief stopped suddenly. There beside the shining fire stood two strangers—policemen from the lowlands! They looked at the chief silently, then one of them spoke.

"We have come for you," he said. "You are the man named Pedro who escaped from prison five years ago. We have hunted for you all over the islands. Here our search ends. You must come back with us to prison."

Quick as a flash, one of the young men jumped up, ready to defend his chief. "It is not so," he cried. "This

is not Pedro. This is Leones. He has never been away from us. You have the wrong man."

But the chief stood up and said quietly, "He is right. Even as I have told you, I am the man whom these men knew as Pedro. I will go with them."

The warriors leaped to their feet. "We will swear that you are not the man! You are our chief. You have taught us. You have been our father and our mother. We cannot spare you. We will protect you with our lives."

Leones shook his head. "Have I not taught you the way of truth? Is not our word sacred? I came back to teach you. The path is plain. Now I will go back and finish those years that I must spend in prison."

The policemen were surprised. They were more surprised when he asked them to stay that night in the town as his guests. They liked the chief whom they had come to take away to prison. They asked permission to speak, and when everyone was quiet, the older man said, "Your chief is a brave and a true man. We are sorry we found him. We have to take him back with us, but we shall see that his days in prison are made as easy as possible; and when the time has passed and he is free, we ourselves will bring him back to you."

So they sat about the fire, the policemen and the chief, the mountain men and the visitors from the lowlands. And the things they talked about were not sad, but were of plans for all the things they would try to get done by the time Leones was allowed to come back to his people.

THE HAPPIEST DAY IN THE YEAR

“**M**RS. DREW, please tell me, does it really feel like Christmas to you in this hot country?” asked the new missionary, wondering how in the world one could know Christmas was coming. It was hotter than any Fourth of July she could remember in her own country; the trees were as green as ever; there were just as many flowers and birds; there were no shop windows displaying dazzling decorations, dolls, trains, building blocks, or books. And yet, as she walked down the hot dusty streets of the strange tropical village to which she had recently come, she heard the Filipino boys and girls rejoicing together—“Christmas is coming, Christmas is coming.” The new missionary was feeling a little bit homesick, and she just could not endure the thought of spending Christmas so far from her father and mother and her brother Jack.

Mrs. Drew smiled and said, “Come here to the balcony. I want to show you something.” She led the new missionary over to the porch and pointed to a big shrub in the yard.

“Is that a poinsettia?” cried the new missionary, whose name was Ruth Bridgeman. “It’s so big!”

“Yes, a poinsettia,” smiled Mrs. Drew, “and there will be more of the lovely big blossoms before Christmas. Now there is something I want you to do. In the office there is a pile of boxes. You may open them if you like.” She slipped away.

Miss Bridgeman sat down on the floor and began snipping strings and opening packages.

The first package contained Christmas decorations—red paper bells, gold and silver tinsel, and paper festoons for a Christmas tree. Looking at the address on the wrapping paper, Miss Bridgeman saw that it came from a town in Nebraska. The next package contained scrapbooks made of pretty red paper and filled with interesting pictures. She spent some time looking at the pictures and could hardly stop. "I wonder who in the world did this," she thought, and when she looked at the label she found that the package was from the junior department of a church in Ohio. "I must write a letter myself to those juniors and tell them how much I enjoyed looking at their scrapbooks, even if they did make them for Filipino children and not for grown missionaries."

Another package was of picture postcards sent by a class of girls. There were Christmas cards with pictures and the season's greetings. A box containing lead pencils, colored crayons and rubber balls had come from a boys' club. There was a big box full of cunning dolls. The missionary wanted to sit right down and play with them. Looking at all the things spread out around her, she thought again of the boys and girls in the United States who had taken the time and trouble to send them to the children of the Philippines.

Half the packages were still unopened when Mrs. Drew looked in to say, "Dinner is ready, and Telesforo has brought you a new kind of fruit today." Telesforo was the Filipino who helped them in the house. He liked to bring different kinds of Filipino fruits and vegetables for his friends from the United States. "The *papaya* grows

on a tree," explained Mrs. Drew, "and hangs on the trunk instead of on the branches. It looks like a melon, and is a very popular fruit among both Americans and Filipinos."

When they had finished dinner Miss Bridgeman said, "Tell me about those packages. Where did they all come from, and whoever had the idea of sending them?"

"Most of them came from American children," replied Mrs. Drew. "Every year we receive many such packages. They bring such happiness! You see, the Filipinos do not give gifts at Christmas time, and the children look forward to these things. They especially enjoy the pictures. Have you noticed how few pictures there are in most of the homes here?"

"In the house where I called yesterday I noticed a few postcard pictures on the bamboo walls."

"Most likely they came from a package like the ones you have been opening. In many homes the only decorations you can find are some of those pictures. One time someone sent us large colored pictures from magazines, and you should have seen how eager the people were for them."

The afternoon before Christmas, Miss Bridgeman went to the church to hear the children rehearse their songs and to help with the decorations. She had not believed the church could look so lovely. Out in front the boys were putting up a long row of paper lanterns of all colors and shapes—stars, bells, globes, triangles, cylinders, even a big green fish and one airplane. "Where did you ever get them?" she cried.

"We boys made them," explained Mateo. "My brother made the airplane. We made the frames with pieces of

thin bamboo, and pasted the paper on with paste made from rice."

Inside, the chapel was just as attractive. Two banana trees had been placed on either side of the platform. The big bunches of fruit hung down just above the steps. The taller boys would have to be careful not to brush against them. Bamboo that looked like plumes, big palm leaves, flowers, and more lanterns, made the church very beautiful.

In the evening three of the boys came to the house to be dressed in costume. "The pastor chose us to be the Three Wise Men in the Christmas play," explained one of them proudly, "because we all have Bible names: Pedro, Mateo, and Moises."

When they were ready they walked with Miss Bridgeman to the church. The bright moonlit streets were filled with people dressed in their best clothes and apparently having a jolly time. A procession was going along the next street. Miss Bridgeman could see glimpses of the people as they marched along carrying lighted candles and colored paper lanterns. Someone was holding up an image, and they were all singing.

"That is a religious procession," explained Moises. "They are carrying the image of San Roque, who they think is the saint that brings good health."

A band was passing, and the boys explained that many bands and smaller groups of people went around serenading at Christmas time. "It is the custom to give gifts to the serenaders," said Pedro. "Last year Mr. and Mrs. Drew gave Christmas cards to all the children who went to serenade them. I have mine yet. Many of us will come to sing for you tonight."

"I shall like that very much," said Miss Bridgeman. "In my country we too sing carols on Christmas Eve."

"Tomorrow the beggars will come," explained Mateo. "Many of them have already come to our house this evening. Tomorrow all day they will visit the houses, and again on Three Kings' Day. Everybody gives them gifts. They carry sacks and baskets to hold the gifts. Most of them are really very poor and old, so we like to be kind to them."

The streets were lovely in the moonlight, with all the gay, happy crowds, bright lanterns, and the music. Almost every house had a lighted candle in the window. Everyone kept calling out as they passed, "*Naimbag a Pascua! Naimbag a Pascua!*" "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

When they arrived at the church, they found it packed with people. The program was delightful. Nobody forgot his part. The older children sang "Silent Night" in English. They had learned it at school. Then everybody sang it in his own language. When the time came for the Christmas play everyone became very quiet. There were Mary and Joseph and the baby in the manger. Shepherds came bringing their gifts. Pedro, Mateo and Moises looked just like the pictures of the Wise Men. As they came near to the manger and talked about the star, people could hear every word they said. They too brought their gifts to the Christchild. Then all the people came to put their gifts beside the gifts of the Wise Men. The children brought rice, eggs, all kinds of tropical fruits, big purple eggplants and other vegetables. The nurses from the hospital had made tiny baby dresses, and the young men had brought some live chickens. They

hoped they would not cluck out loud. There were gifts of money from the older people.

Suddenly there was a stirring among the children. The time had come to bring out the things that had come in boxes from the United States. The older girls helped distribute the gifts. Miss Bridgeman hoped that enough boys and girls in her country knew about the Filipino children so that there would be a gift for each child there. There were so many boys and girls with such bright and eager eyes. She put a doll in the hands of a little girl who had never had a doll before. There was a ball for this boy, a knife for that one, and scrapbooks, postcards, pictures. Everybody had something, though Miss Bridgeman almost held her breath when she got to the back of the church. So many hands were stretched out to her, and she just had to give cards to these shy old men who smiled and seemed so eager. But thanks to those boys and girls at home, there had been enough!

As she walked home from the church after it was all over, Miss Bridgeman was thinking about how much she had enjoyed the whole day. The people had been so friendly and had tried so hard to make her happy, and to keep her from being homesick on her first Christmas away from her own country. "They have loving hearts," she said, as she drew closer to her older missionary friends. "I am glad I am here, and I know now that it can be Christmas even in a far-away land."

"It is Christmas wherever the Christchild is known," replied Mrs. Drew.

THE SEVENTH GRADE BOYS HAVE A HOLIDAY

“**M**OTHER, may I wear my best clothes this afternoon?” shouted Catalino, as soon as he was inside the yard. He jumped right over the bamboo gate, paying no attention to his pet goat, and hurried up the bamboo ladder stairs and into the kitchen where Mother had just set the jar of rice on the floor.

Dinner looked so good that Catalino sat right down and began to eat. He almost forgot about wanting to wear his new clothes. He was finishing his banana when father said, “And why do you want to wear your best clothes today? This is not a saint’s day, and we are not going to church.”

“Well, you see, it’s like this,” explained Catalino. “In school we have been studying about the Filipino revolution, and Mr. Garcia asked how many of us had been to Malolos to see the big church where the leaders of the revolution made the constitution for the republic. Only Juan and Enrique had ever traveled so far. The teacher said maybe he could find a way to take us, and this morning he told us that the American superintendent of schools, the governor, and two other men would take us over in their automobiles.”

“Way over to Malolos!” cried Mother. “Why, surely that is too far.”

“No, Mother, it is only fifty kilometers [about thirty miles], and an automobile runs very fast.”

"That is true," said Father, "I have noticed how much faster the automobile can walk than our cow can," and everybody laughed at the joke. "Perhaps it will be well to let Catalino go."

Catalino was so excited that he could hardly get dressed. He had a hard time getting his shoes tied. He did not wear shoes to school, but of course when you ride in an automobile fifty kilometers you do wear shoes! Basilio, who lived next door, had no shoes, but he confided to Catalino on the way home from school that he thought he could wear his father's. They would not be so very big.

All the boys of the seventh grade were ready when the automobiles came to take them to Malolos. What a trip it was! It was fun to ride so fast and to pass through the towns along the way and to call out greetings to the people walking along the road.

In a little while they were in Malolos, stopping on the plaza. And there was the church, where the brave Filipino leaders had made their first plans for the republic. The priest came over from his house near by and took the boys through it. The altar was bright and shiny and there were many images. There were no seats, for the worshippers always knelt on the floor. It was dim and cool in the church. The boys felt rather quiet and solemn, and were almost glad when they were out in the bright sunshine again. Mr. Garcia said, "We will stop at the monument," so they all went over to the monument erected to José Rizal. It was in the very center of the plaza. "This monument is much larger than the Rizal monument at home," said Enrique, as he stood beside the statue of the greatest hero of the Philippine Islands.

"In some towns the monuments are even larger than this one. Almost every town in the country has a monument to Rizal," said the governor.

"Your Rizal was a very great man," said the American superintendent. "I am glad you honor him all over your country. I think you love Rizal as much as the boys in America love Lincoln. I wish some of you boys would tell me about him."

Catalino looked at José, and José looked at Catalino. "He is my favorite hero," said Catalino, "but José was named for him, so he is the one who ought to tell you about him."

Their teacher spoke then. "José won the prize for an essay on Rizal last term," he said. "Do you remember it well enough, José, to give it to us as you did on the day of the celebration?"

"Let's have a celebration right here," shouted the boys. "We can sit on the ground under the big tree, and José can stand on the steps of the monument, and make the speech about Rizal."

"Then we might sing our national anthem," suggested José.

"That's a fine idea," said the American superintendent. "That's the way we celebrate the birthday of our first president, George Washington."

In a few minutes everyone had found a comfortable place. Some market women stopped to see what was happening, put down their baskets, and settled themselves to listen. Two policemen crossed the square and decided to stay. There was almost a crowd when José stood up on the steps, took off his straw hat and began to tell his story.

Long, long ago, in the town of Calamba was born a boy named José Rizal. When he was three years old he knew his letters and could read a little. As soon as he was old enough he went to school. First he was taught by the priests, then he went to school in Manila, where he finished his work in the best university in the Philippines.

When José Rizal was twenty-one years old he went to Spain to study some more, because Spain was the country that governed our Islands at that time. In Spain he studied medicine for three years. Then he visited France and Germany and studied there. He learned about medicine in each country.

He did other things besides study medicine. He painted pictures, made statues, and wrote poems and stories. They were really more than stories, because in them he told about the things that were happening back across the ocean in his beloved Philippines. Affairs were not going very well in our Islands. The friars were not being as helpful to the people as they were supposed to be, and the Spanish government officials were neglecting their duties and were treating the people cruelly. These were the things that Rizal put into his stories. As a writer and patriot he became famous. Over in the Philippines the friars and officials tried to keep people from reading his books, but the people bought them secretly and passed them from one to another. The officials were angry with him because he told the truth.

One day Rizal went back to the Islands. He found his mother had become nearly blind, and then how glad he was that he had learned how to help diseases of the eye. Soon his mother was able to see quite well again. His friends were afraid he would be put into prison, and they

told him it would be better for him to go away. This time when he went back to Europe he went by way of the United States.

In Spain Rizal found that the officials were not interested in the troubles of the Philippine Islands, so he decided to go back himself, even though he knew it was dangerous. At Hong Kong he wrote some letters which he sealed, and on the outside he wrote, "Not to be opened until my death." You see, he felt sure that the officials in the Islands would execute him.

When he reached Manila he established a society of men who wanted to help their country. Just as his friends had prophesied, the government put him into prison. They sent him away to another island, called Mindanao. When the poor people found that this prisoner was a doctor, they began coming to him, and he did whatever he could to help them. Soon there were great numbers coming to him for help.

After a while there was a war in Cuba, and Rizal asked to be made an army doctor so that he could go and help the soldiers there. At first the authorities said he might go. Then his enemies prevented it, and had him taken back to the prison in Manila. Soon he was accused of having incited the people to revolution. After a hurried trial he was convicted and condemned to be shot the very next morning.

All that night Rizal's mother and sister stood outside of the governor's palace, hoping to obtain a pardon for him. But their hope was vain. Rizal knew it was useless, and that the end had come. He spent the night writing a poem of farewell to his country. When his mother and sister came to see him just before daybreak,

he gave them his lamp as a keepsake. He whispered, "Look in the lamp!" just as the guards came in.

So Rizal was led away by the guards and shot. He was ready to die, if it would help his countrymen to become free. He knew that what he had started, others would complete.

When his sister reached home, she found in the lamp the poem he had entitled, "Farewell, my native land." It was published and did much to encourage our patriots in their struggle for freedom.

So Rizal died. But today he is honored and revered all over the Philippines, and in almost every town you may find a monument to the best-loved hero of them all.

As José finished, everyone cheered. His school teacher was proud of him, and the American superintendent said, "I am glad you invited me to come with you today. Some day you must tell me about your other heroes, so that I can tell the boys and girls of America about them when I go back."

After that everyone stood up and sang the Filipino national anthem. Then the governor said it was time they were starting home.

"I have a suggestion," he added. "Each of you may write a composition on some one of your other heroes, and the boy who writes the best one will receive a Filipino flag as a prize."

"I'm going to write about Gregorio del Pilar," thought Catalino, as the automobiles hurried the boys back to their homes and suppers.

MORO LAND

CHARLES, Betty Lou, Herbert and Ann crowded to the rail of the small steamer which was ploughing its way through the south China Sea toward the equator. They were traveling with their parents on a cruise among the southern islands of the Philippines.

"Look there!"

"See that one!"

"My, but didn't he fly a long way!"

Everybody was excited over the flying fish which were skimming along like birds a few feet above the water. Some of them could fly almost the distance of a city block before they dropped into the water.

"I never really believed there were flying fish before," sighed Ann, leaning over the rail. "I hope there will be some more."

"Come here quickly," shouted Charles from the far end of the boat, "and see all these porpoises."

And there was a whole school of them, close to the boat and trying to keep up with it. But swim as fast as they could, with their long loping motion, they were soon far behind.

"The captain said we would be in Jolo early in the morning, and then we will see the Moro people and the smallest walled city in the world," volunteered Herbert. "I'm going to buy a real Moro knife if Father will let me."

"Why do they call them Moros?" inquired Betty Lou.

"Aren't they Filipinos, like the people we know in Manila?"

"You tell us," everybody begged Mr. Burton, who had lived in the Philippines a long time and had made friends with the American children on the boat. So Mr. Burton explained.

The Moros belong to the same race as the Filipinos, but they are of a later migration to the Islands. In religion they are Mohammedans. One of the present-day Moros who is a Christian is Matias Cuadra. When he was five years old his mother began teaching him the Koran. Before he could read he could repeat long passages from the sacred book of his people. His mother wanted him to become a Mohammedan priest. When a school was opened in his town Matias was one of the first pupils. Three years later a Catholic priest took him to Borneo, where he went on studying and began learning about the Catholic church. The priest was training him to be a sacristan, or helper of the priest in the celebration of the mass. He did not, however, permit him to have a Bible.

When the priest went back to his own country in Europe, Matias found work in the town. With the first money he earned he bought a Bible and began to read. The very first verse he read was, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He wanted to find that kingdom. As soon as he had earned enough money to pay his passage, he returned to the Philippines. This time he made friends with a Danish missionary who was glad to teach him the Bible. Later he went to Manila, where he studied hard and became a preacher. Then he went back home to be a Christian preacher among his own Mohammedan

friends. He is even allowed to go into the mosques and preach. His Moro friends all love him, and listen to him tell the stories of Jesus.

"I'd like to know that man," said Charles.

"I would too," said Herbert. "I'm sure he would be able to tell some good stories."

"I'm glad you would like to know him," said Mr. Burton, "because he is the very man who is to be our guide in Jolo tomorrow. And he has invited us all to his home for dinner."

Everyone was up bright and early next morning to get the first glimpse of the island of Jolo. The water was the bluest you could imagine, the sands gleaming white, and the palm trees standing tall and straight along the curving shore. Pearl fishing boats were anchored near, and houses were built out over the water. As the boat drew near the pier the passengers saw crowds of Moro people waiting to see the boat dock and to get the first glimpse of the passengers. Boys and girls, and older people too, were swimming in the water, which was so clear one could easily see the bottom, although it was quite deep. Everybody seemed able to swim like a fish. One of the passengers threw a coin into the water and there was a wild scramble as several boys dived for it, swimming down and down. The coin fell to the bottom, but down went the swimmers too; and one of them brought it to the surface between his teeth. The fun had begun. All the children in the boat hunted for pennies, and began tossing them overboard. It was exciting to see the divers sometimes go all the way to the bottom after the coins.

"There is Matias Cuadra," cried Mr. Burton, and as

soon as the boat was docked a smiling and friendly young man came on board and greeted his friends.

Matias Cuadra was a fine guide. He took them first to the smallest walled city in all the world. Its wall is only one mile around. The gates were wide open now, but Matias told the boys that he could remember when they were always closed and locked. When Spain ruled the Islands she kept a very heavy guard at the gates and on the wall which she herself had built.

The whole forenoon was crowded full with sightseeing. The public market was an interesting place. Crowds of people were there, and there was much noise as the keepers of the stalls and the shoppers bargained and quarreled over prices. After the trip to the market came the visits to the merchants' shops. The girls wanted to buy the bracelets of black coral and pearls. The boys wanted to go to the shops where Moro knives were sold. There were many different kinds of knives, with differently shaped blades and handles. They were beautifully carved and many of them were inlaid with silver. There was a sheath for every knife. Mr. Cuadra made the visit and the buying all the more interesting because he knew the names of all the kinds of knives, what they were used for, and the way they should be handled. Every boy had a knife before he left the shop.

Next Mr. Cuadra took them driving. The drive led through a great grove of tall cocoanut palms. They stopped to buy some cocoanuts, and were surprised at the way those Moro boys climbed the trees and brought down the nuts. The men bored holes in the shell, and the Americans drank the sweet, cool milk. They saw tall betel-nut trees, with the nuts growing in bunches like

bananas. One kind of tree had fruit growing on the trunk instead of on the branches. Another tree had fruit growing on the roots. Some monkeys chattered at them as they passed through a small forest. The home of the sultan, who is the ruler of the Moros, was one of the impressive sights. It was a happy morning.

When the drive was over, it was very hot and everyone was hungry. Mr. Cuadra took them all to his pleasant home for dinner, which they ate Moro fashion; that is, they sat on the floor and ate from big brass trays that were set up on standards. It was a very comfortable way to eat. The food was rice and meat, mixed with curry, and vegetables and sweets.

As they were resting after dinner, Mr. Burton asked Matias Cuadra to tell a story. "Very well, I think I know one you will like," he answered, after a moment. This is the story he told.

Once there was a Moro who had killed another man and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the San Ramon penal colony. He was a skilled swimmer and fisherman. One day he was rowing a small boat for two officers who wanted to fish. A sudden storm descended on them and upset the boat. Neither officer could swim, and it would have been easy for the man to let them drown. The boat would have disappeared, and he could have reached shore and been free. Everyone would think he had been drowned also. But, risking his own life to do it, he rescued his two guards, and all three came safely to the shore. The governor pardoned the prisoner, and everyone was touched by his surprise and gratitude. He had never thought of the possibility of pardon, or even that he had done a brave thing.

In the afternoon the visitors had the most fun of all, at least the children thought so. They went down to the shore to see the pearl fishers' boats. They were two-masted boats, and some of them were getting ready to sail away to hunt more pearls and black coral. Now the boys and girls got a closer view of the Moro houses which were built out in the water. A bamboo sidewalk led from the shore to the entrance. At high tide the water came almost up to the floor, but at low tide the rough coral beach was exposed. As they returned from the shore they watched Moro men playing with tops. The tops were made of beautiful hard wood, polished until they shone. Some of them had five-dollar gold pieces embedded in them. The Moros could spin their tops with much skill. The visitors wished they could do it half as well.

But one never could begin to tell you all the interesting things the American children saw that day in Jolo. The old fort, the Mohammedan mosque, the big Catholic church, the Protestant chapel, the bright costumes of the people, the Moro school children having their games in the school yard, were only a few of them. The visitors all agreed that the Moros were a fine people, and they were glad that they had seen their little city. They only regretted they could not stay long enough to become better acquainted with the boys and girls of the Jolo public schools.

HEARING THE STORY OF JESUS

“**D**O you think she will come tomorrow?” asked Luis, as he paused in the game of marbles.

“Who?” inquired Juan.

“Miss Santos, the Bible woman,” answered Luis, surprised that anyone could forget that tomorrow was Sunday and that Marie Santos and several other Filipino young people would come from the near-by town and conduct Sunday school for them.

When the game was finished, there were so many other things to do in the little Philippine fishing village along the China Sea that those Filipino boys really had no more time to talk about the Sunday school. They hurried down to the shore where the men of the village were drawing in the fishing nets. If the catch was large, the boys might be needed to help pull the great nets ashore. It was an exciting moment when the nets first appeared and the boys saw that the catch had been unusually good this time; there were many different kinds of fish, among them several big red snappers. When the nets were opened, the boys helped pick up the fish and watched their fathers divide them. After that they had a great time in the water, jumping into the great breakers which were rolling ashore, and riding the waves. After supper they watched the men set the nets for the next catch. Bed-time came all too soon.

Almost before Luis knew it, Sunday afternoon had come, and the boys and girls and many of the older peo-

ple were gathering at the shady side of the largest bamboo house of the village.

Soon Miss Santos and the other young people appeared on the path that led from the town. There were happy greetings and everyone seemed to be talking at once. Luis waited until Miss Santos saw him and came to speak to him. Miss Santos liked Luis very much. He listened so eagerly, and somehow he seemed to understand the stories better than the others. She wanted to help him especially.

Meanwhile, preparations for the Sunday school were going on. The young women and some of the children went about, inviting all the people in the village to the meeting. The young men and boys brought a few benches and chairs from the nearest houses, and hung up a big chart with bright-colored pictures on it on the side of the house. By that time the young women were returning, bringing groups of people with them, and Sunday school began. Some of the people sat on the chairs and benches, some sat on the ground, and others stood in groups.

The boys and girls sang a new song Miss Santos had taught them. Even the old men tried to learn the song, and they laughed at their own mistakes. One of the women, a nurse in the big hospital, talked about how Jesus healed the sick, and showed them the picture of Jesus bringing the daughter of Jairus back to life. She told how Jesus loved people, and how ready he was to help all who needed him—all who were sick or sad or lonely or having a hard time trying to do right.

They listened until the sun was getting low in the sky. It would be cool and pleasant now to walk along the beach

where the waves made the sand hard and wet, and to swim in the clear water. But no one even looked at the ocean. They wanted to hear more stories about Jesus and his friends.

"Once upon a time," Miss Santos told them, "Jesus stood beside the beautiful sea of Galilee. The water was blue and sparkling like our China Sea here. The people who lived around the lake were many of them fisherfolk, as you are. Four of Jesus' friends had lived on its shores and been fishermen. Jesus loved that lake, and I think he loves our sea too."

The people turned to look at the blue water dancing in the sunlight. They had not thought so much about its being beautiful. They had been so busy getting their living from it.

"Jesus had a great crowd of people with him this day, men and women, boys and girls and babies. All day they stayed with him while he taught them, told them stories, and healed the sick, the blind, the deaf, and the lame. When evening came they were tired and hungry and a long way from home. The disciples said the people must go home, but instead Jesus said, 'Feed them.' There was one boy in that crowd who had some lunch with him, and he was very hungry. But Jesus looked tired and hungry too, and the boy loved him so much that he gave what he had to Jesus."

Luis edged closer and closer to Miss Santos, and listened harder and harder as the story went on. How happy that boy must have been to think that he could share his food with Jesus. Luis wished he had been in his place.

"Just as Jesus loved those people on the shore of their lake, so he loves us along our ocean here. These young

people who came with me from the town love him and want you to love him too. That is why they came to tell you about him. The people who live in the mountains of our own country do not know about Jesus. I wish we could send someone to tell them of him."

"Why doesn't someone go to them, just as you come here?" asked Luis.

"It's much too far to walk or ride in one afternoon," said Miss Santos. "They would have to live there all the time, and that would require money."

There was an old mountain man sitting on the edge of the crowd, and he had been listening to the stories just as eagerly as Luis. Now he got up. "Our village needs a teacher. Your stories are good. We would learn about Jesus."

Everyone sat up straight and began to think. To pay a teacher would take money. They were poor people.

The mountain man looked at them one after another. "If you will send us a teacher," he said slowly, "I and my people will give him a house in which to live, and we will feed him."

Miss Santos smiled happily. "We ought to be able to do that," she said. "Do you think we could get enough money to buy the things a teacher would need?"

Luis thought hard. He wanted the boys and girls of the mountains to hear the stories of Jesus. But he did not have anything to give. Suddenly he remembered something—only that morning his mother had said, "Tomorrow I am going to town to sell the cloth I have been weaving. Luis may go with me and buy a pair of shoes to wear on special feast days."

Luis' eyes grew bigger and brighter. He *did* have

something to give! "Father," he whispered, "instead of the shoes, may I have the money to give for the teacher?"

Father nodded his head. "Yes, you may," he said. "And I will give the money that comes from selling that basket of rice."

Everyone in the village wanted to help. They all gathered about Miss Santos and the old mountain man. After a long discussion the chief man of the village addressed the elder man respectfully: "Old man, we will send you a teacher. We do not know just how we can get the money. But perhaps the next village and the next one will also help. I myself will go and ask them. Old man, it may take time, but the teacher will come."

After Miss Santos and the other young people had disappeared down the path, Luis sat down under a coconut tree to think about things and fell asleep. He dreamed he saw his new shoes pattering up a mountain trail to tell the mountain boys and girls about Jesus.

PART II
THE COURSE

TO THE LEADER

This course is designed for use in the extended period of the church school, the week-day school, the vacation school, or other similar periods. The sessions as outlined will take from an hour to an hour and a half. Some churches will wish to use them in the Sunday morning session of the church school, along with the regular course. In that case the worship service and the story could be used, and such activities undertaken as time allows. A choice should be made among several projects, and care exercised against undertaking more than can be accomplished. As the present course has been worked out, the making of a Philippine village is the major project and would occupy most of the time available for this type of work. Alternative suggestions, however, are included in the list that follows.

A. MAKING A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

Through the building of a village, entailing representation of the characters of the stories, the making of common utensils, and the study necessary to do these things accurately, juniors are sure to gain a deeper interest in the Filipino people.

Because of the difficulty most departments meet, owing to lack of time and facilities, in trying to accomplish very much at one time, the building of a village offers excellent opportunity for as elaborate or as simple construction as is desired. A few houses used as a setting for the main

characters of the stories are all that is necessary. Departments which are better able to do so may extend their activities so as to make one large village with many types of people, or even the several villages mentioned in the stories. The list of materials may be extended indefinitely.

Houses. Filipino houses vary a good deal. Instructions for making a Philippine Island house are given in the Milton Bradley Filipino Village. By consulting pictures from the *National Geographic* (especially November, 1913) and other travel magazines and books, variations in the houses may be noted. One group might make a rich man's house, one a poor man's, one a mountain house, and so on. Some houses may be made of bamboo (a couple of old fishing poles will supply all the split bamboo needed), and some of stone and other materials as described in the stories and in the material for boys' and girls' own reading (page 109 *seq.*).

Market stalls will add variety and local color to the village street. Use baskets, water jugs, piles of brightly-colored cloth, strings of dried fruits, and such things. The jugs can be made from modeling clay, the baskets from grass or tiny reed, and dates or other fruits may be cut into tiny pieces and strung.

Churches and *schools* may be copied from pictures, especially those in the *National Geographic*. A Roman Catholic church or a Protestant chapel may be made.

People. This will be the most interesting part of the village. Different characters may be set forth according to the stories, the village itself growing and changing from session to session as the characters are added. Arcadio with his Bible, an old nurse down on her knees at the scrub-stone, mountain people bringing their wares

to market, a boy riding his water-buffalo to the fields, and many others may be made and named.

To make the figures, paper dolls may be used, mounted on heavy cardboard or beaverboard, and supported by a small wooden block glued on at the feet or by a wire fastened at the waist. In either case they should stand upright and not lean over. Figures may be made also from crêpe paper, after the fashion of favors. It would be wise in this case to secure instructions from a Dennison store, or have someone who is clever at such things work out a model and be ready to assist the children at their work. Wire bodies will bend to any position desired. Clothespin figures are attractive and are not very difficult to make. Tissue paper as well as crêpe paper will be required for their costumes.

Distinctions in costume may be shown for the Moro, the mountain tribesman, villager, teacher, farmer. For any great variety in these, the figures from the colored pages of the *National Geographic* for November, 1913, could be mounted as paper dolls. However, the children will perhaps do better to dress a few clothespin dolls themselves, observing and copying distinctive types of dress, rather than to prepare many figures in a merely mechanical way.

The best figures made should be chosen for a final exhibit. The others might form a procession in the background, or might be shown on a separate table. There are many possibilities for the disposal of the village. It would be an excellent idea to let the children decide what they want to do with it. It might be taken to the children's ward of a hospital or to the children's library, or it could be kept as one of the pieces in the church school museum.

Some child might want to take home his figures, perhaps to start making a village in his own neighborhood. Whatever plan is adopted should represent the choice of the children, freely discussed, and guided as little as possible by the leader.

Animals and birds. The important thing to keep in mind about the animals in and around the village is that they be the right size in proportion to the people. Small models of goats may be bought at the ten-cent store, and you will find in magazines pictures of animals which can be mounted on beaverboard. Cut the pictures out carefully, rounding the edge of the board, and when you color the animal, color the edge of the board. A little wooden block or a bent wire attached with tire-tape at the back of the animal or to its foot, will make it stand up. A class that undertakes to make animals will need to look up the Philippine Islands in their school geographies or in source books, in order to find out what animals and birds they can accurately include.

Trees. Palm and banana trees are the main trees to be shown, although others can be worked out from pictures. Clumps of bamboo may be made from jointed grass stalks, especially if a grass can be found such as snake-grass, which grows straight and stiff from the roots. There should be Dennison crêpe paper in two shades of green, dark for the palm and light for the banana trees. The trees should be cut according to patterns, and the leaves wired down the center to permit twisting into graceful positions. A roll of stiff paper or some heavy wires twisted together will make the stalk. Dennison's brown crêpe paper, cut according to the pattern and twisted spirally down the trunk, makes the palm tree look natural.

The banana trunk is sheathed in brown, shading into green at the top.

Flowers and bushes. An indication of color will often suffice here in a miniature village. If more careful imitation is desired, crêpe paper and toothpicks, or small branches from real bushes chosen for their likeness in form to the bush or plant to be made, will form surprisingly natural-looking shrubbery.

Rice fields. A pan of sand with grass seed or mustard seed sown in it a number of days before the finishing of the village, will provide an excellent imitation of fresh green rice fields. The edges of the pan can be covered with "dykes" made of modeling clay, or may be concealed with earth or moss.

Fruits and field products. Modeling clay can be bought in several colors. Everything from melons to pineapples can be modeled from this. Some groups have found it interesting to make bunches of vegetables for market stalls or for harvest scenes.

Rivers and wells. Blue paper under sand makes a fair imitation of a river. For a pond or well there is greater fascination in a pan of actual water, the inside of the pan being coated with black paint and the bottom covered with sand. Irrigation wheels, well-curbs, etc., should be items for research.

Carts, ploughs, etc. The making of these things depends on the individual initiative. Sometimes with a good picture to work from, some boys can make very fair models. The charm of such models, as well as of the whole village, depends greatly on keeping the proportions.

B. ALTERNATIVE ACTIVITIES

Dramatization. There are opportunities for dramatization throughout the sessions. Parts of a story may be dramatized, or customs and habits may be dramatized. These have not always been mentioned in the session itself, so a few examples are given here: Session I, the group of children around the story-teller, and the telling of the story; Session II, the meal prepared and eaten by the children, with conversation showing that the mother is ill and that they are doing their best to be helpful; Session III, the noonday halt under the trees.

Notebooks. The children may want to keep each his own notebook, or a class or department notebook may be preferred. Missionary magazines of the various boards will be sources for pictures for use in the notebook. The Philippine Islands Picture Sheet (may be secured from denominational literature headquarters for 25 cents) has some excellent pictures. Sunday supplements of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals have pictures which the children will be keen to note. Old geographies are good sources. Care needs to be taken in case old pictures are used, that they do not reflect customs or dress no longer characteristic. Articles and facts about the Philippines, interesting items about missionaries and their work, about the Filipino workers, students and children as reported by the various mission boards, will have a place here. Very interesting map work is possible. Some exhibit material, such as floor plans of schools, pieces of pineapple cloth, a hymn in one of the dialects, Filipino Christmas cards, and other things can be secured from the Islands themselves, if two months' time can be allowed for exchange of letters by mail.

Junior boys and girls will enjoy writing stories and illustrating them, or making a book of illustrations based on the stories and other material given in the course. The notebook may be made a container for any of these.

C. SERVICE ACTIVITIES

Projects suggested by mission boards. Write to your board before the course is launched for suggestions about making gifts. The following list was compiled by missionaries from the Philippines, but since each board has its own particular work, the articles may or may not be useful in the work your own denomination is doing. It is safer to write and ask about specific needs before setting out on any service undertaking.

Things to buy and send:

Sheets, pillowcases, bedding of various sorts, such as light-weight blankets, towels, washcloths, tea-towels, baby sheets and supplies.

Baseballs and bats, footballs, volley-balls, indoor baseballs.

Kindergarten equipment, such as scissors, crayons, blocks, sanitary toys.

Maps of all sorts, for school and church school work.

Pencils, erasers, talcum powder, soap, toothpaste, knives, books (supplementary readers, story-books, picture books, travel books), light-weight toys, good-sized pictures for devotional use in chapels, picture sets such as are used in the beginners and primary departments, handkerchiefs, paintboxes and paint brushes.

Things to make and send:

Scrapbooks with pictures illustrating: the life of Christ (Perry, Wilde, Copping or others), American life, games,

houses, school, farming, geography, airplanes, ships, churches, parks, streets, stores, rivers, mountains, towns, birds, animals, trees, flowers, etc. Use cord for tying scrapbooks, ribbon rots in the climate.

Patchwork cotton quilts for baby beds can be made. Scrap-bags will yield many colored pieces which may be used, or white and pink canton flannel or some such combination would be pretty. They will not need a filling, but may be lined with cloth of a solid color, and knotted with colored wool. This makes a light-weight covering which can be laundered. A yard square might be a good size.

Tea-towels (of cotton, not linen) should be hemmed very strongly. Decoration is unnecessary, as they are used in quantity in hospital and dormitory kitchens. Unbleached muslin, a yard by half a yard, makes a serviceable tea-towel. Some groups secured flour sacks which they bleached and hemmed.

The boys might like to make up a set of United States stamps. It would be well to include the air-mail and special delivery and other stamps which do not get to the Philippines very often.

Friendship Treasure Chests. It is hoped that many groups using this course will wish to take part in the third friendship project of the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, which is with the Philippines. Messages of friendship and good-will will be despatched to the children of the Islands similar to those already sent to the children of Japan and Mexico. The friendship symbol to be used in the carrying of these messages will be a Friendship Treasure Chest. The proposed size of the chest is 5" x 10½" x 6½". The box will be decorated in color, with a friendship greeting inscribed on the cover.

Into it will go articles which children in the United States enjoy and which we know will bring happiness to our Philippine neighbors. The Committee is also asking that at least one book be placed inside the chest; if it seems desirable to send additional books, one or two might be placed on the outside and wrapped with the chest when it is mailed. A list compiled by the Committee will include titles of books which children in this country have enjoyed reading, together with a pamphlet of directions for the filling and sending of the chest. These directions will be ready by October 1, 1929. The last date for the sending of the treasure chests will be August 1, 1930. The official reception day in the Philippines will be December 30, 1930, December 30 being Rizal Day. Dr. José Rizal is the great Filipino patriot and martyr. Before starting the course the leader should write (after October 1, 1929) to the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for detailed information.

SESSION I

Aim for the course. Through stories, worship, and activities, to develop in the junior group a lasting interest in, friendly feeling toward, and sense of nearness to the people of the Philippine Islands.

Materials that will help. Philippine Picture Sheet—Philippine Islands Picture Map—Bradley's Filipino Village Cutout—Patterns for making trees—Green and brown crêpe paper (Dennison's is best)—Heavy green-covered wire, light-weight green-covered wire—Paste—Scissors—Pencils—Cardboard.

Story used. "Jewels the Giant Dropped." (Page 90.)

Worship.

PRELUDE. This Is My Father's World.

CALL TO WORSHIP.

Leader: Lift up your hearts.

Group: We lift them up unto the Lord.

Leader: O Lord, open thou our eyes.

Group: That we may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

Leader: O Lord, open thou our lips.

Group: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Leader: Praise ye the Lord.

Group: The Lord's name be praised.

HYMN. This Is My Father's World.

PSALM. All over the world, in every land and in every language, there are people praising God. Let us praise him

together in the words of a Psalm written long ago in the land of Palestine. [Repeat Psalm 100 in unison.]

PRAYER. Dear Father, we thank thee that people everywhere know about thee. We are glad that they can enjoy thy world, thy trees and skies and rivers and flowers. May we always remember thee when we see these things. Bless all children everywhere. May they and we learn to know and love thee better. Be with us as we play and study. May we be loving children of thine. Amen.

HYMN. For the Beauty of the Earth, stanzas one and four, sung softly as a prayer.

Introductory.

Far out in the Pacific Ocean there are islands called the Philippine Islands. The flag of the United States flies over those Islands, just as it does over our country. The flag does not mean that the Islands are our property, but only that we are taking care of them until the people are better able to take care of themselves. The people of the Islands are called Filipinos. Filipino boys and girls are taught English in their public schools, and learn to read and write in English just as we do. They have holidays and festival days and celebrate their special heroes' birthdays as we do ours. It would be pleasant, wouldn't it, if we could get on a big ship and go to visit them? There is one way, though, that we might visit them right here in our department. How would you like to make a Filipino friendship village? Of course, if we do make the village, we shall need to know many things about the Islands and about the people. Can you suggest some of the things we shall have to find out about? Yes, about the houses, the people, both adults and children, the way they dress and the things they do, the animals they use and have for pets, what they grow in their fields and what they make with their hands, and many other things. Perhaps we shall have more ideas after we have looked at the picture map.

Wouldn't two boys like to come and hold up the map while we look at it? What are some of the pictures on it? What

kind of trees are they? What kind of boats? Do you see any things you don't recognize? Here is another page of pictures to go on the picture map. Let's fasten the map on the screen while we look at them. Notice the different kinds of houses. Why do you suppose they are made that way? In the back of our book you will find a description of the way houses are built in the Philippine Islands. Shall we have John read it? (See page 114.) When we start to make our houses we shall want to read that again, shall we not? What else do you find in the pictures? Yes, here are people doing things. I wonder where we can find out about ways of living in the Philippines? From our geographies, and from copies of the *National Geographic*, and from books in the children's library. Where else? In our own book also are facts about the people's ways of living. Perhaps we shall find out other things at the next session.

The picture map should be referred to constantly for suggestions as to products, costumes, etc., to include in the village, as well as for use in the map study throughout the sessions.

Introducing the story. How many islands do you suppose there are in the group that we call the Philippines? [Seven thousand.] Do you want to guess? This map doesn't show all the islands, you may be sure. There are many that are covered with water when the tide is high, and some that are so tiny that they only have one or two trees on them. I am going to tell you the way the Filipino people have of telling how the islands came to be.

Telling the story.

After the story. Would you like to know something about the Philippine Islands? There are some interesting facts about them in the back of our book. We might appoint a committee to read the section entitled "Finding the Philippines," and tell us about it next time. Meanwhile perhaps

the rest of us can find out some other things by asking questions or by reading other books.

Activities.

Making a friendship village. Shall we talk a little about building our friendship village? What are the first things that we would like to make for it? We might start with the cocoanut palm trees that are on every island, even when there are no houses. Don't you think the houses will look nicer set in among palm trees? Miss Adams has a box of paper and some other articles. There will be just about time for each one of us to make one tree. [Let each teacher help her pupils make the trees. The teacher in charge of this part of the work should have suggestions as to how the trees should be made.]

Making notebooks. The question of notebooks will arise naturally as the children discuss their work during the activities period. Each teacher should be prepared to make suggestions and guide decisions. If one class has suggestions to make to the whole department, they should ask for time to present their ideas at the appropriate moment in the next session (see "Notebooks," page 70).

Dismissal without reassembly.

SESSION II

Materials that will help. Sand-table if available (the sand should be dampened ahead of time.)—White soap—Modeling clay—Pictures of Philippine houses—Patterns for making paper-doll figures (see "People," pages 66-68) or directions for making clothespin or crêpe-paper figures—Crêpe paper, tissue paper, or bright linings of old envelopes, to be used for costumes; also heavy construction paper—Bamboo or reed—Paste—Scissors—Crayons.

Story used. "The Queerest Place to Keep a Bible."
(Page 11.)

Pre-session period. Continue making the trees begun in the last session. Cocoanuts may be made from modeling clay or white soap by those who have finished the trees. A committee should work at making a tentative floor plan for the village so that what each class decides to make may be fitted in. A second committee may set up in the sand-box all the trees which are ready, making groves and streets or a river bank.

Worship. There are many men and women who have gone over to the Philippine Islands just to be friends to the Filipino people. As we have our worship service this morning, shall we think especially of the many children there who are having their own worship service, using the same hymns and the same Bible that we do?

PRELUDE. My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made.

CALL TO WORSHIP. As before (see page 74).

HYMN. Fairest Lord Jesus.

HYMN. My God, I Thank Thee Who Hast Made (stanzas one and two).

PSALM. In unison, from memory, Psalm 100.

HYMN. The hymn we sang a moment ago says that we like to thank God because there are "so many gentle thoughts and deeds circling us round." Jesus was always having gentle thoughts and doing kind things for other people. He is our leader and he wants us to do as he would do, at home and at school and at play. Shall we sing Savior, Teach Me Day by Day?

PRAYER. Dear Heavenly Father, we are trying to live as thou wouldst have us live. We want to be helpful in our homes and in school and at play. May we be kind and loving and try to live as Jesus lived when he was on earth. We thank thee for our friends and playmates. We thank thee for our new friends in the Philippine Islands. Help us to learn how to show them that we are their friends, even though they do live far away across the ocean. Amen.

HYMN. I've Found a Friend.

Review. The leader may exhibit the pictures again and discuss them with the children, answering any questions and explaining any facts which need to be made clear.

Report of the reading committee. You remember last week we asked Jimmy and Charles to consult our book for some facts about the Philippines. They are ready to give their report now. After that we shall all want to tell anything we may have found out ourselves.

Introducing the story. I have a story about a Filipino man who owned the only Bible in his village.

Telling the story.

After the story. Arcadio loved to read the stories of Jesus. The old story-teller loved to tell them even before he knew they were true. We have all heard the story of Jesus many, many times. Shall we sing one stanza of I Love to Tell the Story?

Activities.

Learning a hymn. One of the songs which children all over the world love and sing is I Love to Tell the Story. I think it must have been one of the songs the preacher taught Arcadio and the people of his village when he came to tell them the stories of Jesus. How gladly they must have sung it when they found that these stories which they had been hearing were really true, and that they could believe in Jesus and his love for people everywhere. There are many different languages used in the Philippine Islands. Would you like to hear the first stanza and the chorus of I Love to Tell the Story in one of those languages?¹ The words are written on the blackboard [or multigraphed on separate sheets].

Naragsac a sarita
Daydi panagbiagna,
Ni Cristo ken gloriana,
Ken to met ayatna.
Patgeg nga balbalicsen,
Biagna ululiten;
Ta isut pudno laeng
Awan ti sabalin.

Chorus

Mangan nagsayaat,
A maibunbunannag,
Nadalus a panagbiag
Ni Jesus naayat.

Na-rag-sac a sar-i'ta
Day-di' pan-ag-bi-ag'na,
Ni Cris'to ken glor-i-an'a,
Ken to met a-yat-na'.
Pat-geg' nga bal-bal-ic'sen,
Bi-ag-na' ul-ul-i'ten;
Ta is-ut' pud-no' la'eng
A-wan' ti sab'al-in.

Chorus

Man-gan' nag-sa'ya-at,
A ma-i'bun-bun-an-nag,
Na-dal'us a pan-ag-bi'ag
Ni Je-sus' na-ay'at.

¹ Dialect—Ilocano, northern Luzon. Use Latin or Spanish pronunciation of vowels and consonants: *a* as in father, *e* as in end, *i* as in machine, *o* as in no, *oo* as in loose, *g* as in gate, *j* as *h* in home. Jesus is pronounced hay-soos.

You might like to copy these words in your notebook along with the English words.

Work on notebooks. There probably will be other things which we shall want to keep as we go along. I have here a large envelope for each of you into which you may put anything you would like to keep about the Philippine Islands and the Filipino people. Each one may put into his envelope just what he wants to—pictures, stories, articles, drawings, maps, whatever he finds that is interesting. There will probably be a number of things, such as this song, that we shall all want to put into our notebooks. Is there anyone from any of the classes who wants to make suggestions?

Appointment of committees for next session for worship and care of the village.

Work on village. Arcadio and the story-teller are the first of our Filipino friends. Shall we start our friendship village by making a scene for this story? What people and things shall we need for it? [Arcadio, his wife, the priest, the story-teller, a group of listeners, the house, the rock and the river, the Bible, etc.] Which class would like to make the house? Which the people? The river, rock, Bible, other things? We shall probably not have time to finish them to-day, but if you like we can work on them at our next session.

From the very beginning of the making of the village, care must be taken to instil into the children the desire to make everything as beautiful as possible. The boys and girls themselves should be encouraged to examine critically all material and to be interested in the whole project rather than only that in which they have a part. Their suggestions for further activities should be encouraged by the leader, given consideration by the group, and used if possible.

SESSION III

Materials that will help. Same materials as before—Scraps of cloth for making bedding—Raffia for making sleeping mats—Philippine Islands Picture Map.

Pre-session period. Continue work on houses, characters, etc., for Arcadio's village. The "care of the village" committee may set up in the sand-table each model that is completed. It may be well to use one or two which are still incomplete to show the general effect.

Story used. "When Mother Was Sick." (Page 16.)

Worship.

PRELUDE. This Is My Father's World.

CALL TO WORSHIP.

Leader: Lift up your hearts.

Group: We lift them up unto the Lord.

Leader: O Lord, open thou our eyes.

Group: That we may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

Leader: O Lord, open thou our lips.

Group: That our mouth may show forth thy praise.

Leader: Praise ye the Lord.

Group: The Lord's name be praised.

HYMN. This Is My Father's World.

PSALM. In unison, from memory, Psalm 100.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we are glad that we may come together today to praise thee. We are glad that there are people in all the earth who know and love thee. We are glad for our friends in the Philippine Islands. Some of them have never heard the stories of Jesus. May we do every-

thing we can to help give them the glad news that Jesus brought to earth. We are thankful that through stories about them we have come to know as friends some of the Filipino people who have been brave followers of Jesus. Help us also to do the things that Jesus would like us to do. Bless us as we make our friendship village, and as we find more and more friends. Amen.

HYMN. I Would Be True.

Review. Last week we started our friendship village. In so far as we can, we want to bring nearer to us the people of the Philippine Islands, and see their ways of living and the kinds of things they use every day. This morning Mary is going to tell us the story of Arcadio. She will show the part of the village we have completed, the part that fits that story. Shall we sing the Filipino song we learned last week? Let us sing it in English first, and then in the language that some of the boys and girls over there speak. [One stanza and chorus, I Love to Tell the Story.]

Introducing the story. In another house in our friendship village a mother and father live with their three children, Roque, Carlota, and the baby. The story about them is called "When Mother Was Sick."

Telling the story.

Activities.

Work on the village. If enough houses have been made for one of them to serve as the house of Roque, there is no need to make a new one. A little shelf for the bedding and a cook-shed attached at one side will make it complete. Banana trees are essential, since they furnish the floor polish, the lid for the cooking pot, etc. The boys will be especially interested in planning a rice field. Modeling clay should be used to make the sides, which should be a little higher than the bed of sand. If one of

the boys wishes to undertake sowing grass-seed, keeping the sand damp till the seed starts to grow, he might be commissioned to care for it at home and bring it back when ready. Your seed dealer will advise you as to the length of time it takes different seed to sprout, and the choice can be governed by the length of time before you will be ready for it. There will also be need for a water-buffalo. A picture may be found in your geography. If there is opportunity these may be made in wood, or the outline may be traced on beaverboard and colored. The cooking vessels and fireplace may be made from modeling clay or carved from soap.

Work on the Philippine picture map. For suggestion as to its use, see page 76. Coloring and pasting may be done by a group or by a class.

Work on notebooks.

Dramatization. The stories of Arcadio and of Roque and Carlota offer excellent material for informal dramatization. If one of these is dramatized, it may take the place of the review in the next session.

Group period.

ASSIGNMENT. Appoint someone to tell the review story next Sunday, or announce the dramatization; also a committee to set up the models.

HYMN. Tell Me the Stories of Jesus.

BENEDICTION. Let the Words of My Mouth, sung softly, with bowed heads.

SESSION IV

Materials that will help. Pieces of cloth—Dried apricots and prunes, and needles and heavy black thread for stringing them—Raffia or Dennison's paper rope for making tiny baskets—It would be well to have some articles from the Philippines on exhibit at this session, such as samples of fine needlework or baskets. It will increase the desire of the children to do their work well if they are able to collect and examine such articles.

Story used. "Off to the Mountains." (Page 22.)

Pre-session period. The models for the story of Roque should be set up. The children may have thought of other things they would like to add to the village. There might be temptation to leave things half done and hurry on to something else, but this should be discouraged and each article made as neatly as possible.

Worship. We are always glad when people who are sick can be made better and happier. It is nice to think of one of our own American doctors being able to help Roque's and Carlota's mother. In our worship service this morning, shall we think especially of Jesus and the way he helped people who were sick?

PRELUDE. With Happy Voices Singing.

CALL TO WORSHIP. As before.

HYMN. With Happy Voices Singing.

PSALM. In unison from memory, Psalm 100.

HYMN. Tell Me the Stories of Jesus.

PRAYER. Dear Father in heaven, we delight to praise thee, and we pray that we may praise thee through the things we do every day, as well as through our hymns and Psalms and prayers. We thank thee especially this morning for Jesus, our friend and leader. Help us to try to be like him. Amen.

HYMN. Long Ago the Lilies Faded.

SCRIPTURE. Last session in our worship service we thanked God for Jesus, who helped others so much. We asked for God's help in making us like Jesus, kind and thoughtful of other people. What are some of the special ways in which Jesus helped everyone he met?

Remind the children of the previous week's story, and have them look over the headings of the chapters in *Mark* to see how many times Jesus helped people through healing their bodies. They might wish to base their worship service on one of the stories of Jesus' healing, or they might like to read short passages telling of how the people came to Jesus for help.

HYMN. Joy to the World (stanza one).

Review. Last week we had the story of Roque and Carlota and their sick mother. Janet is going to tell us the story again and introduce us to the various people.

The story might be merely suggested, identification of characters and houses and various articles with the high points of the story being all that is necessary.

Hymn. Many people who have heard only a little of the story of Jesus come to love him and want to know him better. Just as the nurse told Roque and Carlota stories of Jesus, so they would tell the story to others. Everyone over the whole world who tells other people stories could sing with

us the hymn, We've a Story to Tell to the Nations. Shall we sing it now?

Introducing the story. We shall not need to add a new house to our friendship village this morning, for our story is a story of traveling. It is about our old friends, Roque and Carlota and their mother.

Telling the story.

Service activities. *Introductory.* How many of you remember when we sent our friendship dolls to Japan? Yes, John and Julia were in the department then. Last year we sent friendship school bags to Mexico. We had some good times filling ours, didn't we? This year again something nice has happened. There are going to be friendship treasure chests sent to—where do you suppose? Yes, to the Philippines, the very country we are bringing to our department. Would you like to fill a chest? We can find out so much about the boys and girls of the Islands that we shall know just what things they would like best. How shall we go about it? Shall we ask one class to do the planning and suggest things to the rest of us next time?

The leader should have publicity literature with suggestions as to contents to show at this time. She may if she desires secure one of the friendship treasure chests to show to the group at this meeting, or, as an alternative project, present a need suggested by her mission board. If the latter is decided upon, the following introduction may be used.

The doctor, in this story of Roque and Carlota, was sent out to the Philippines by people in this country. There are many churches which have sent missionaries to the Islands; among them our own church missionaries do a great deal of work in the schools and hospitals and churches. Do you think you would like to help them with their work? How do we know what the boys and girls over there can use? Would

you like to write to our own board and find out? You may ask a committee to do that if you want to. After they receive a reply they could suggest some things for you to do.

The leader is supposed to have written in advance and to have material—pictures, pamphlets, etc., to show the children at this time. In any case the boys and girls should have the experience of getting into touch with their mission board. This would be possible if they were responsible for the follow-up and the sending of gifts.

Activities.

Work on village. Carlota's home should have the little store on the porch added to it. One class may undertake this, making piles of cloth done up in bales, pottery, baskets of raffia, and strings of dried fruits. These would be hung from the bamboo beams of the porch. One class might make a Filipino cart, or might paste an outline picture on beaverboard, color it, and cut it out carefully. Bundles for traveling, wrapped up in a heavy rough cloth may be made. Instead of grouping figures around a house, it would be possible to place them under the trees along the road, preparing or eating their meal. There could be as many travelers as desired.

Dramatization. For the next session one group might dramatize the arrival of the family at the place for the noonday rest, the greeting by other travelers under the trees, the gathering of wood by Carlota while Mother rests and Father visits, the eating of the meal of rice and bananas, a Filipino folk story told by one child to the others while the grown-ups eat, and the departure, with all singing I Love to Tell the Story, in Ilocano.

Work on picture map and on notebooks.

SESSION V

Materials that will help. Modeling clay for terraced rice fields—Old screening for making the hillside—Raffia or fine reed for making baskets—Pictures of the hill villages, people, fields and occupations (see *National Geographic Magazine*, geographies, etc.)

Story used. "Carlota Sees the Upland Village." (Page 27.)

Pre-session period. Continue work on the wayside camping scene. This may be set up even if the whole story is not to be retold. The children who are to give the dramatization might have a rehearsal, if there is a suitable place. Costuming will not be necessary unless the children wish to make something approximating costumes during the week.

Dramatization. Last week we heard how Carlota, Roque and Angela and their father and mother decided that Mother must go to the mountains to get well. Roque was in school, and could not go with her, but Carlota and Angela were to go. It was quite a long way to the railroad station—a whole day's travel in the ox-cart. Roque and Father took them to the station. Some of us are going to give you a little play about the part of the story where they stopped to rest at noon. [See page 88.]

Worship. You remember, in the story that has just been dramatized, that it was late at night when the family reached the uncle's house, and the next morning Mother, Carlota and Angela rode on a train, and then in an auto bus up the moun-

tain. Señor Valeriano, a man from Carlota's own village who was a teacher in the mountain village, came to meet them and took them to his house. They must have felt that that was a friendship village for them, don't you think? Mother hoped that, with the clear cool air and the sunshine, she would soon be well. In our worship service today let us think about all that God has given us to make us well and happy, and thank him for his care.

PRELUDE. Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness (played, not sung).

CALL TO WORSHIP. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with thanksgiving.

RESPONSE. Holy, Holy, Holy (stanza one).

HYMN. Long Ago the Lilies Faded.

PSALM. To be read in unison, Psalm 121.

HYMN. How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we thank thee that thou dost love and care for us. We thank thee for all that thou hast done for us. We thank thee for pure air and sunshine and for hills and mountains. We pray that all the people who are sick may be able to have the sunshine or the mountain air and everything else needed to make them well. May they have friends who will help them. If there is anyone that we might help, we want to do it. May we be real friends to those who need us. Bless us, and bless all children everywhere. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

RESPONSE. How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care, sung softly with bowed heads.

Introducing the story. The mountain village where Carlota and Angela and Mother were staying was very different from the village we are making here in the department. Carlota soon found how much she was going to like it. Our story for today is called "Carlota Sees the Upland Village."

Telling the story.

Activities.

Work on the village. Pictures of mountain villages and people will need to be studied. Interesting things which distinguish mountain villages from other villages, and which the children could make, would be a hillside with a few rice terraces on it, baskets made so as to be strapped to the head, houses of stone and wood, and people with typical costumes. Pine trees would be found here. These can be made, but are difficult. Evergreen branches could be used, or colored construction paper trees made.

Work on a department notebook. Up to this point each child has kept an individual notebook. It might be well now to assemble especially choice material in a department notebook. If a looseleaf notebook is used, each child can take away his pages if he wishes to at the end of the period of study. If not, they remain as a department notebook. Advertisements offer many pictures which can be used.

Preparation for the report on the picture map. If the picture map is finished, the committee or group working on it may want to present it to the whole department at the next meeting. Their report might include such things as distance from the United States, population, names of islands, different races of people living there, or anything else which they can find out which interests them.

Filipino folk dance or game. A Filipino folk dance could easily be introduced here. If a gymnasium teacher can be found who is willing to teach the dance, it will simplify matters for the leader. In any case, Filipino games (see page 131) could be played. This activity might develop into a part of the final program.

SESSION VI

Materials that will help. The Philippine Islands Picture Map, or any other large map of the Islands—Small outline maps for each child—Typewritten copies for each child of the fairy story told last time.

Story used. "The Old Head-Hunter's Village." (Page 34.)

Pre-session period. Set up the mountain village. A committee may be appointed to decide whether they want to include this in their friendship village, whether they want to have a separate table for it, or whether they wish to eliminate it altogether, and have some of the mountain people come down to visit the friendship village. The typewritten copies of the fairy story may be pasted into the notebooks, or the story may be copied in the notebooks if there is time.

Worship. In our worship service this morning we want to think of the people of other lands who are trying, just as we are, to make their country and their people Christian.

PRELUDE. Let the Song Go Round the Earth.

CALL TO WORSHIP. As in preceding worship service.

HYMN. Let the Song Go Round the Earth.

PSALM. In unison, Psalm 121.

HYMN. Jesus Shall Reign.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we are glad for those over all the wide earth who are learning to love thee. We are glad that those who do come to love Jesus want to live better lives

themselves, and want their country to be a better country. Bless us and help us to make our own country more Christian too. Be with all children everywhere in the world and may they be true followers of Jesus. Amen.

HYMN. Heaven Is Here.

Map talk. Last week Carlota and Angela and Mother traveled by ox-cart, by railroad, and by motor car from their village to the mountains. We want to see once more the Islands where Carlota lived. Today we are going to see our picture map again.

At this point the chairman of the committee should take charge. Let the group comment on the map, its coloring, etc. The chairman may give the report, or each member may have a share in it.

Hymn. We have a song that we all love, beginning "O beautiful for spacious skies." Shall we sing it, and then afterwards see how much of it our Filipino friends could sing?

After the hymn has been sung, the leader may desire to bring out the fact that except the first half of the second and third stanzas, which deal with history and religious freedom in America, the song might have been written for Filipinos to sing. The children might sing the first stanza and substitute "O Philippines," or some such phrase, for "America."

Introducing the story. There were once people living in the Philippines who were called head-hunters, because when they went to war, after killing their enemies, they cut off their heads and showed them as trophies of battle. Doubtless you know that a similar practice was common not only in Eastern countries but in Europe as well from the time of earliest history to just a few hundred years ago. The story for today is about a trip to one of the head-hunter villages.

Telling the story.

Report of treasure chest committee.

Planning the closing program. Would you like to have your mothers and fathers come to one of our meetings? Shall we have them soon, or after we have finished our village? What could we do to make their visit interesting? Do they know any of the stories we have had? Would you like to tell them some? Perhaps we could give one of our plays. Yes, we might show them our notebooks and maps. Yes, of course, we would want the picture map to be hung up. Posters? Would you like to make some? We could have games. And the folk dance. Suppose we have a committee to meet with Mr. Johnson and Miss Waite, to plan this program and make suggestions.

This is the time for any announcement about notebooks; for reminders to look for additional pictures and information about the Philippines; and for a brief account of what has been finished for the friendship village.

Activities.

Dramatization. Plan for a dramatization of the story of Chief Leones for the next session.

Work on maps. Give each child a map to put into his notebook. The map may be colored, ocean blue and islands all one color, or each island a different color, as the children wish.

Work on village.

Work on friendship treasure chests.

Work on mission board project.

SESSION VII

Materials that will help. Pictures of the Madonna and Child, and of Christmas observance in different lands.

Story used. "The Happiest Day in the Year." (Page 40.)

Pre-session period. Complete the preparations for the dramatization of the story of Leones. It is possible that the children will want to have costumes. These can be made by them at home, or in an extra session of the department. The maps which are not completed may be finished at this time. If any children were not present at the last session they should be given a map for coloring, and allowed to look at the picture map before starting to color it. There could also be work done on the village.

Dramatization. The story of the head-hunters.

Some of us have made a play of what happened at the head-hunter's village. Shall we have the play first this morning?

Conversation. The leader should ask for material, such as pictures, maps, etc., which the children may have found and brought in.

Worship.

PRELUDE. Fairest Lord Jesus.

CALL TO WORSHIP. As before.

PSALM. In unison, Psalm 121.

HYMN. Fairest Lord Jesus.

HYMN. True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

PRAYER. Dear Father, we thank thee for all men everywhere who love and serve thee. May we too be true and loyal followers of Jesus. We are glad for this new friend in our friendship village.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

HYMN. Dare to Be Brave.

Introduction to story. Of all the days of the year that we like, surely the nicest is Christmas. It's fun before and it's fun on Christmas day and it's fun afterwards. You go shopping, and the shops are all bright with decorations, and there are so many toys, and there are the Christmas tree, and the Christmas story and the carols. Do you suppose they have Christmas in the Philippine Islands?

Telling the story.

Activities.

Service projects. After the story of the gifts sent out by American children, there will probably be a desire on the part of the group to work on their gifts. A reply to the letter to denominational headquarters should be on hand by this time, and will probably include a list of possible objects for money gifts which would appeal to juniors.

SESSION VIII

Materials that will help. Patterns for cutting out animals—Picture of a Rizal monument which could be mounted on beaverboard, or modeling clay for making a shaft monument on which the name of Rizal could be carved within a decorative wreath.

Story used. "The Seventh Grade Boys Have a Holiday." (Page 46.)

Pre-session period. Finish activities already started, and have notebooks brought up to date. Let children put into their individual notebooks material which they have brought which has not been used in the department notebook.

Worship. Inasmuch as our story last time told about the way in which Christmas is celebrated in the Islands, we shall use some of the Christmas songs in our worship service today. It has made children all over the world happier because Jesus was born on that first Christmas day, and we need not wait for Christmas day to come to be glad about his birth.

PRELUDE AND HYMN. Joy to the World.

SCRIPTURE. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given"; *Isaiah* 9:6.

HYMN. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear. Or: Christians, Lo, the Star Appeareth. Or: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

PRAYER. Sentence prayers by three members of the group, prepared beforehand.

RESPONSE. Sung softly, with bowed heads, stanza four of O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Review. The leader should review, through informal conversation, the Christmas customs of the Filipinos as told in the last lesson, adding any information she may have secured from other sources.

Introducing the story. The American flag did not always fly over the land of the Philippines. We hope that some day it will be taken down and the Filipinos will have only their own flag. We have our heroes, and our Filipino friends have theirs. One day the seventh grade boys in our friendship village had a holiday. This is the story of what they did.

Telling the story.

Activities.

Work on village. A house should be made for Catalino and his family. A monument to Rizal should be made and added. A space in front of the church might be left clear for this. If no animals have been put into the village, they should be added now. If desired, these can for the most part be bought at the ten-cent store. However, if there is time to make them, so much the better.

Work on notebooks. The story of Rizal mimeographed on a single sheet of notebook paper should be available. Or the story as the children have remembered it may be written into the notebooks. If possible, have a picture of Rizal for each child.

Work on friendship treasure chests, or on mission board or other service projects.

SESSION IX

Materials that will help. Pictures of Moros—Bamboo for making wharfs, a Moro house out over the water, and such things as the gaily decorated sections of bamboo that are used for water jars—Cakes of soap for the carving of fishing boats, with bamboo for the masts, and tissue paper pasted double for the sails. (If boats of a more elaborate style are to be made, it should be done under the direction of a craftsman, and outside the regular session.) —Material for Moro figures and their costumes, if there is time to model characters to fit the story—Construction paper for notebook covers.

Story used. "Moro Land." (Page 52.)

Pre-session period. The notebooks may be finished by this time, so covers of construction paper should be made. The committee might plan a better cover for the department notebook, however, and make it at this period. Each class should check up on that part of the village for which it is responsible, and plan what each individual is to do to finish it before the next Sunday.

Hymn. Several sessions ago we sang the first stanza of America the Beautiful, beginning "O beautiful for spacious skies," and decided that if we substituted the name of their country for ours, the Filipino people could sing it as well as we can. But we couldn't decide about the second and third stanzas, because we didn't know enough about the Filipinos. Last time we had the story of the seventh grade boys who went to see the monument to their hero, Rizal. Let us turn

to that hymn now and see whether they could sing all of it. [Bring out, through informal conversation recalling the stories of Rizal and others as told in the last session, the likeness of the two peoples in their struggle for independence and liberty.] Shall we sing it again now?

Conversation. We are almost at the end of the stories in our book, and we have almost finished our friendship village. Don't you think we ought to give it a Filipino name? What names would you suggest?

Report. The committee which is making plans for our last session is ready with its report. Shall we have that now?

The program for the last session is given on pages 102-5. If the work has been largely pupil-centered, the adult member of the committee will have helped the children to work out their own ideas and those suggested by the group. If the boys and girls have no suggestions (a school difficult to conceive of), this member should be ready with plans. In any case the boys and girls should feel that it is their program they are planning, and only those features in which they have developed a keen interest should be included. The program committee's report will include assignment of work to special classes or individuals, if desired.

Worship. We are always glad to think of those men and women who have done great and noble things for their country. In our worship service this morning, shall we especially praise God for these great men and women whom we like to honor?

PRELUDE. Hushed Were the Temple Courts.

HYMN. Faith of Our Fathers.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

HYMN. Hushed Were the Temple Courts.

Just as we have our heroes, and just as other lands have theirs, so the people of Israel had their great hero leaders. In this hymn we find how God told Samuel that he needed Samuel's help. Shall we sing the second and third stanzas as a prayer, hoping that we may be ready to do whatever God wishes us to do for him?

PSALM. Most great and true leaders have depended upon God for help. David was another of Israel's leaders. He speaks of God as his shepherd. Shall we repeat together the Shepherd's Psalm? [The Twenty-third Psalm.]

HYMN. Marching With the Heroes.

Introducing the story. There are in the Philippine Islands many different types of people. We have met some of them already. You remember the story of the head-hunter. Away over on another island, or set of islands, there are Filipino people who used to be fierce fighters. We are going to visit them today.

Telling the story.

Activities. Check up on plans for the next session, and complete what is yet to be done. There will be more chance of getting the Moro village done if each class is requested to make some one feature of it. It will have to be completed at a special meeting between sessions if it is to be used.

Hymn. True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

SESSION X

Materials that will help. Enough tables of the same height and size, if possible, to make the stage for the complete set-up of the village—A list, typewritten if possible, of exact properties to be used with each house, and the names of the characters in the story to be grouped around each house (the list should include all the properties, whether or not they have any connection with the stories) —Materials to mend anything that may be broken in the final set-up; glue, pins and paint and modeling clay are especially useful.

Story used. "Hearing the Story of Jesus." (Page 58.)

Pre-session period. The set-up committee and the adult leader should be on hand at least half an hour early, so as to set up the completed village before the pre-session period starts, to hang the picture map and to see that all other exhibit material is in order. The pre-session period should be a final preparation for the session proper. There should be an exhibit of notebooks, giving each child a chance to see what the rest have done. If visitors have been invited, it is a good time for a tour of the village, each child acting as guide to one visitor.

SUGGESTED OUTLINE FOR CLOSING SESSION

Leader: We have had an interesting time in bringing our friendship village from the Philippines. We have become well acquainted with Carlota, Catalino, Roque, Arcadio,

Leones, and the rest. We wish their houses were large enough so that we could enter them for a real visit. Our program for today has been arranged by our program committee, who will have charge of it.

Chairman (a junior): Because we are glad that we have had such a good time together, we are going to have our worship service first. We have chosen the hymns and prayers that we are sure Roque and the others must know too. We have called our service, "Praising God."

PRELUDE. This Is My Father's World (played, not sung).

CALL TO WORSHIP. As in Session I.

HYMN. This Is My Father's World.

SCRIPTURE. Jesus blessing the children.

HYMN. Tell Me the Stories of Jesus.

PRAYER. Dear Father in heaven, we are glad to be able to come here today to thank thee for thy love and care. We thank thee for Jesus. We thank thee that we may hear and love the stories about him so that we may try to be like him. We thank thee for friends all over the world. May they all know and love thee. Bless us in our program today. Bless all boys and girls everywhere. Amen.

PRAYER RESPONSE, sung softly with bowed heads, "Hear our prayer, O Lord," or some other familiar response.

Chairman: Because we could not go to the Philippine Islands, we decided to bring a village from the Philippines here. It is named —, which means —. Each house in the village is the house of someone we have learned about. There are lots of things about them we couldn't put into the village, but we have put in everything we could.

One of the stories we have liked best is —. This is the house that belongs to that story, and Margaret will introduce you to the characters. [The boy or girl designated lifts the characters in turn, if the group cannot see them, and introduces them by name and title; as, "This is Carlota, who is ten

years old, and is the sister of Roque and Angela. She has a pet monkey.”] Elizabeth will now tell us the story.

STORY.

Chairman (introducing next house and family): These are the — family. We are going to tell their story in a play. First John will tell the part that leads up to the play, then we'll have the play, and then John will finish the story, telling us what happened afterward. [In most of the dramatizations only one scene has been attempted, so that such an introduction and completion will be necessary.]

DRAMATIZATION.

Chairman: The children of the Philippine Islands all love stories. We are going to have one told that most of us haven't heard before.

STORY. See page 127.

HYMN. I Love to Tell the Story (in English and in Ilocano).

Chairman: We have made a picture map of the Philippine Islands. The committee will tell us about it.

SHORT TALK *on picture map, by a member of the junior committee.*

HYMN. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations; or, if the children have learned a Filipino folk song, this would be better.

Chairman: There is another of our stories that we are to have told today. It is called, "Hearing the Story of Jesus." Miss Adams, our teacher, will tell it at this time.

STORY. "Hearing the Story of Jesus."

Chairman: We wish we could tell you about all the people we have heard about in our stories of the Philippines, but

there isn't time. We do want you, though, to know about the ones who are represented in our village. We will name the ones whose stories haven't been told.

CALL TO OFFERING. (Explanation for the benefit of visitors should have been made before the call to offering concerning the object for which it is made.)

MUSIC DURING OFFERING. Master, No Offering; or, We Give Thee But Thine Own.

DEDICATORY PRAYER, *by leader.*

DEDICATORY RESPONSE. Master, No Offering; or, We Give Thee But Thine Own.

HYMN. Let the Song Go Round the Earth.

CLOSING PRAYER OR BENEDICTION *by leader or by the group in unison.*

WORSHIP

The attitude of worship, in addition to "lifting the heart to God," develops and intensifies those attitudes toward people and toward life which it is the part of the Christian to maintain. In a course on world friendship it is essential to bring out what being a Christian means to boys and girls of junior age, since it is through this appreciation that they will want to share with others of all races and lands what Christianity is bringing to themselves. They should be made especially aware of the joy that Jesus' way of living has brought into the lives of other children, and thus enter into the missionary spirit naturally, as one shares enjoyment of anything that one loves.

The fact should be brought out that there exists in the United States and in the Philippine Islands alike, the common love of nature and desire to praise God as Creator. Admiration of the Filipino "heroes of the faith" binds the two races closer in feeling. Realization that boys and girls have to try hard in order to live as Jesus would have them live, gives a common sense of needing God's help.

Only tentative services have been given. Something entirely different may better serve the needs of the boys and girls. The sponsor for the worship services should be alert to these needs, perhaps only partially expressed by the children, so that each service shall reflect them definitely.

Wherever possible, the boys and girls should arrange their own worship services with a minimum of adult guidance. There should always be, of course, enough guidance to insure its being a real worship experience.

The material given in the worship services is not extensive. Some groups will wish to add to it or adapt it. Great variety has not been attempted, because it seemed wise to provide the simplest sort of service, which any small group, however limited in its resources, could use and adapt.

In the hymns which have been chosen certain stanzas are not suitable for juniors, or do not fit into the particular theme of the service. These should be omitted. In including other materials the same precaution should be taken. Lack of space does not permit the inclusion of any verse or prose excerpts which might appropriately be introduced. These should, however, be available.

The leader will find real pleasure in letting the children find and develop the theme of the service. It is interesting and sometimes revealing to see what the boys and girls select as the important part of the story or lesson. One hesitates even to give an outline for a worship service, it seems so dogmatic in comparison with the spontaneous result of the work of a junior committee.

Praising and thanking God are a part of all real worship, so the junior committee might plan to open each worship service with praise, going from that to the special point they desire to emphasize on that particular Sunday. The use of the same call to worship and the same Psalm for at least three or four Sundays in succession is desirable, especially if these have been previously unfamiliar to the group. The leader should guide the com-

mittee to an expression of the aim they have for their service, and then to a selection of materials they will use, such as hymns, prayer, scripture, etc., and finally to the arrangement of these materials.

FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN READING

FINDING THE PHILIPPINES

"What are you looking for?" one may ask the Filipino student who evidently has lost something. The reply will be not as you or I would say it, "I am looking for my pencil," but, "I am finding my pencil." The American people need to be finding the Philippine Islands.

There are more than seven thousand islands in the Philippine group, lying half way around the world from the United States, near the coast of Asia. They are a short distance north of the equator, and it is always summer there. There are two seasons, the rainy and the dry. During the dry season the days are very hot, but the nights are usually cool, and often one has to sleep under blankets. Since it is a tropical climate, the trees are green the year round. There are flowering trees, shrubs with bright-colored leaves, many kinds of gorgeous flowers, brilliant-hued birds, and strange fruits.

The people of the Philippines belong to the Malay race. They are small in stature and golden brown in color, with black hair and dark brown eyes. A half million of them are pagan—these are the mountain tribes. Another half million are Mohammedan. More than ten millions belong to the Christian tribes. They are friendly, hospitable, courteous, generous, appreciative, alert, capable. Among them are artists, sculptors, writers, musicians, scholars, political leaders, professional and business men. Altogether they are a delightful people to know and live

among. They command our respect, hold our interest, win our love.

The American government entered the Philippine Islands in 1898 and 1899 as a result of winning the war with Spain, to which country they had belonged. Efforts were made to work out the best possible system of government for the inhabitants, and as rapidly as it was considered advisable, Filipinos have been given responsible positions in the government which the United States established and has maintained since that time. Filipinos elect their own senators and representatives, who make laws in much the same way as the United States Congress. The governor-general is an American, appointed by the President of the United States. The non-Christian Filipinos have not as yet equal rights with the Christian Filipinos to elect legislators; the governor-general appoints for them. As soon as they are better educated and able to understand the system of government, these tribes will be given the same legislative status as the Christian tribes. The Islands are divided into provinces, each province electing its own governor and other officials. Each town elects its town council, and its mayor, called *presidente*. The Filipinos have proven very efficient in the administration of public affairs.

A splendid school system has been developed. There are more than eighty different native Filipino languages and dialects, so it seemed wise to teach the people in one language. The schools are conducted entirely in English. The Filipinos are bright and learn easily. They are crowding the schools, and there is not nearly room enough for all who want to study. Formerly the school teachers were almost entirely Americans, but now there are more

than twenty thousand trained Filipino teachers, and only three hundred American teachers. It has been said that the Filipinos have made a hundred years' progress in education in twenty years' time.

In matters of sanitation and the stamping out of epidemics, rapid progress has been made. Cholera and smallpox were once prevalent and now are rare. Lepers are segregated in one island colony and given the best of care; a new treatment for leprosy has been recently introduced. Many incipient cases are being cured, and advanced cases greatly relieved. With its industries, schools, social service centers and churches, the leper colony is a busy place; mutual helpfulness prevails, and there is much rejoicing when one of the number goes back into the world cured of the terrible disease.

Several thousand Americans live in the Philippine Islands. Thousands of others have gone there for a limited period as government officials, business and professional men, school teachers, soldiers, missionaries and tourists. Many thousands of Filipinos live and work or travel in the United States. In spite of all these contacts, one can scarcely say that the American people have really found either the Philippine Islands or the Filipino people.

WHAT THE ISLANDS ARE LIKE

A land of everlasting summer is the Philippine Islands. There the rainy season begins in late May or June and continues from two to four months. An unbelievable amount of rain can fall. Rivers that in the dry season are mere trickling streams will swell to flood waters that are raging torrents in a few hours. It is good growing

weather. Trees, grass, plants grow profusely, and are of the most vivid shades of green. The islands are never more beautiful than during the rainy season. The rice paddies are soft velvety green carpets, delicately beautiful. Flowers bloom in profusion. The fire tree bursts into flaming bloom of great red blossoms amidst lacy green leaves. There is a riot of color, a luxuriance of tropical growth.

During the long dry season the sun glares in a cloudless blue sky, and hot winds blow, laden with dust and sand. April and May are the hottest months of the year. There is little variation in climate, not more than twenty degrees during the whole year. The nights are usually cool. The winter months of our land are the coolest season also in the Philippines. At night one sleeps under a blanket, and wears a sweater in the morning and evening.

Through most of the islands there extends a mountain range which rises to altitudes of ten thousand feet. Many of the mountains are covered with pine, fern trees and hardwoods. A tangle of undergrowth is sometimes found, and clinging vines and orchids. Below the surface are deposits of minerals. The climate in the hill country is invigorating and cool. Mt. Mayon, which has been called the most perfect volcanic cone in the world, is eighty miles around its base and rises to a height of eight thousand feet. Mt. Taal is an active volcano that emerges from out of a lake, with smoke and steam rising from its crater.

The seacoast plains and the valleys are fertile and luxuriant in vegetation. Rivers meander seaward. The countryside looks peaceful and pleasant. Rice, sugar cane, abaca from which hemp is made, tobacco and many vegetables are raised. Groves of banana trees, cocoanut

palms, nipa palms, cacao trees from which chocolate is made, tall waving bamboo, banyan trees, cotton trees with the long pods of cotton, and a great variety of other trees add to the charm of the scenery. The rain tree closes its leaves during a rain, and at night fireflies cluster in its branches which then twinkle like a great Christmas tree. Fields of tall cogun grass wave in the breeze.

The sensitive plant clings close to the ground and at the lightest touch closes all its leaves. Great clumps of orchids hang from trees. The ilang-ilang tree throws out the rarest fragrance from its soft green flowers. Sampaguita flowers are waxy white with a heavy sweet odor. Dama de noche (queen of the night) blooms only at night and its fragrance fills the air. Cadena de amor (chain of love) is a beautiful vine with graceful delicate flowers. The flaming hibiscus, vines, moss and gay-colored plants add further beauty.

Village and country life are gay and joyous. The people are easygoing, good-natured, leisurely, friendly and hospitable. They take what comes and make the best of it. The climate makes for easy, comfortable living. There are no wild animals or great dangers to guard against. Houses are constructed so as to resist earthquake and severe storms. It is an easy matter to build a new house of bamboo and dried grass. There is no need for preparation for severe cold. The rivers yield fish. Vegetables grow the year round.

Ants, flies, mosquitoes, fleas, cockroaches, spiders, lizards, centipedes, and scorpions abound. Bats fly out from old towers at sunset. Frogs croak in the streams and by roadsides in rainy weather and hibernate during the dry season. Legs of tables and food cupboards must

be kept in cans of water to keep out the ants. The white ants eat through the foundation of houses, bales of paper, or piles of linen. Locusts settle in swarms over a field and eat it bare in a few minutes. House lizards are helpful by making war on the bugs. There are few wild or dangerous animals. Crocodiles are found in some of the rivers, sharks in the ocean, some poisonous snakes and some large reptiles. Monkeys are common in the forests. But wild life is not numerous. There are few singing birds, but many birds of very brilliant plumage. There are beautiful views of ocean, mountain, valleys, river gorges, tropical skies. The Philippines are islands of delight.

PHILIPPINE HOUSES

Did you ever see a house on stilts? A Filipino village looks as though it were playing hide-and-seek on stilts among the groves of banana and palm trees, in clumps of bamboo, under wide-spreading mango trees, and down broad straight streets or along narrow little lanes fenced with bamboo.

Most of the houses are set up on bamboo poles five or six feet above the ground. When the rainy season comes along and everything gets wet, one is glad the house is set up so high. In the hot dry season one is just as thankful because air can come in from below.

The walls are of bamboo tied together with strings of fiber peeled off a plant, and the roof is dried grass woven together and tied fast to bamboo poles. Even the floor is made of bamboo. It isn't hard to build such a house. The men first set up bamboo poles for the framework. Then they squat in the shade of some near-by tree and lace big bamboos together with rattan for the walls, and tie these

walls into place on the framework with stronger pieces of rattan. Then they tie grass into bundles and lay the bundles together on the rafters for a roof. The bundles must be tied down very strongly so the wind won't tear them loose. For a floor they split small bamboos and tie them into place about one inch apart. To get into a house one walks or climbs up a bamboo ladder or steps. And at night, or when the family is away, the bamboo ladder is removed from the threshold. That is the way the people in the villages lock their doors.

The kitchen is a small, low building like a shed, separated from the house by a porch. It contains a flat earthenware stove and a few big jars to hold the rice and the water. Most houses have only one room. The room has a swinging shelf suspended from the roof, and the shelf holds the straw mats that are spread on the floor at night for beds. There is a little cupboard which holds the hard pillows covered with bright red cloth. Around the wall are wooden chests which hold clothes, money, and other possessions of the family, and serve as chairs if you prefer a chair to sitting on the floor.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE

As soon as the eastern sky glows red, the Filipino village is up and stirring. The straw mats which serve as beds are rolled up and put away for the day. The breakfast of rice and bananas is soon eaten, and the day's activities begin.

Some of the men climb on the water buffaloes and ride off to the rice fields to plant or harvest the rice. Some of the women take their nets and baskets and hurry off to the seashore, and later return carrying on their heads

baskets full of flopping fish. Other women go to the gardens and bring back baskets full of vegetables for the market. A favorite food is the squash blossom and vine. The plants trail down from the basket and almost hide the little brown woman underneath it. Some women go to the fields and return with big bundles of green grass which they sell for fodder.

At the river's edge will be several women washing clothes. They sit in the running water and pound the clothes, spread out on the flat rocks, with wooden paddles until they are clean. Then they spread the clothes on the banks to dry. The children swim and splash about in the warm water while their mothers wash the clothes.

Village girls fill the water jars and carry them on their heads, two or three, one on top of the other, securely balanced, and at the same time they carry a small brother or sister astride their hips. An old grandmother chops up the pithy banana stalks as food for the grunting pigs that wallow in the soft soil near or under the house. Another old woman spins thread from a bunch of cotton, while her daughter weaves the cloth. Flocks of goats, pigs, sheep, chickens and geese wander freely about the streets, undisturbed by the people.

The children going to school stroll along the streets with their books. After school the girls play hop-scotch and the boys play marbles or ball. As evening comes and the sun drops into the China Sea, the people sit about in little groups telling stories or exchanging the news of the day. The younger people saunter along the streets. From several houses comes the chanting of songs or the sound of the harp. A big lizard calls friendly greetings from his hiding place in the bamboo. The sweet fragrance of a

night-blooming shrub fills the air as quiet and sleep settle over the little village.

*From "Palm Tree and Pine"*¹

Costumes among the men and boys may be a simple comfortable two-piece suit of bright-colored calico or gingham, or it may be a full-fledged American production done in palm beach, khaki or white linen. Women may wear the elaborate national costume, a skirt with a long train held in the hand or wrapped round and pinned on the hip, a black net beaded overskirt, a low-cut bodice of thin transparent material, rounded neck, big outstanding bell-shaped sleeves, and a folded piece of material about the shoulders. Or they may have adopted (and practically all students have done so) the American style, which proves more convenient and serviceable for the active modern Filipino woman. Small children may wear almost nothing, or the same style clothes as their parents, or they may be clothed in the same fashion as Western children.

A meal may be eaten with the fingers, everybody squatting on the floor and dipping into the jars in which the food was cooked. Or it may be an elaborately served eight-course feast. The house may be a simple one-roomed affair of bamboo with thatched roof, set up on poles several feet from the ground and reached by means of bamboo steps or a bamboo ladder. Or it may be a large house of many big rooms, the lower walls of heavy masonry, the upper of hardwood, with galvanized iron roof, floors of wide hardwood boards beautifully stained and polished, and windows of sea shells set in small

¹ Quoted by permission, and adapted.

squares of wood. Furnishings may be a row of wooden chests around the walls, a small table, straw mats for beds, or they may be great Spanish chairs, beds carved and canopied, tables with fancy covers and ornaments, a piano, a harp, pictures, images of saints. In traveling one may see pedestrians walking long miles, the women with heavy loads on their heads and baby riding on the hip, people riding carabaos, whole processions of ox-carts with covered tops, the little two-wheeled carts and carriages drawn by small horses, bicycles, an occasional motorcycle, and automobiles of all makes and types. Sweeping statements concerning customs cannot truthfully be made. The Philippines today are in a most interesting stage of transition. Standards of living are being raised, and social customs altered.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PHILIPPINES

The baby in the Filipino home is the center of all interest and attention. Father, mother, brother or sister carries the small brown mite on the hip or swings him in the rattan hammock. When sister or brother goes out to play or on errands, the baby is taken along in this way. A game of marbles or hop-scotch goes on just as merrily as though there were no baby riding on the hip. Each child as it grows learns to care for other smaller ones.

The small girl learns to carry things on her head. Her mother places a jar with rounded bottom on her daughter's head and takes her along to the river, where the girl digs a hole in the sand and dips up the water that filters through. As she grows taller and stronger she learns to carry two and three jars on her head, balancing them with ease, the jars set according to size. If mother goes

to the river to wash clothes, the small daughter carries a small bundle on her head and shares in the toil. Or she goes along to the gardens and carries her basket of vegetables. She learns to spin and weave, to make the daily trip to the market for food, or to keep a stall in the market, where she proves a capable business woman. She does her share in transplanting the rice in the thick mud and water of the rice paddy. Later she helps harvest the crop, cutting it stalk by stalk with a small knife, then she beats it with a flail, pounds it in the mortar to clean and polish it, and tosses it in a shallow basket until the chaff blows away. She squats beside the small stove in the low lean-to kitchen and cooks the food in jars which she may have made herself. All these things and others the girl learns. Yet in spite of all these duties, she is light-hearted and finds plenty of time for play.

The boy learns to do his share also. He too goes to the river for water, but he carries the big can on a bamboo pole which he pushes along with a wheel on the end. He cares for the carabao and horse, helps in the rice fields, learns to use the fisherman's net, to build the bamboo house, to weave hats and fishing nets.

In the schools the children are obedient, industrious and happy. They learn readily, doing their studying in English. The girls also study cooking, sewing, embroidery, lace making. The boys learn basketry, and have home projects of gardening or poultry raising. Sometimes they choose the courses in the trade schools or farm schools and put the learning to practical use. Games and sports are not neglected. Thus the children fill their days.

OUTDOOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

One phase of the Sunday school work in the Philippines is the Sunday afternoon Bible class. The young people from the churches go out in groups and conduct Sunday schools. Many of them walk several miles to the fishing villages along the shore, to isolated neighborhoods, to clusters of farmers' huts, or wherever they can muster a crowd. And crowds they do have! They may call together their group in a bamboo house; in the shade of a wide-spreading banyan tree; on the shady side of a little house in a clean-swept dooryard; on the street corner where a convenient bamboo fence makes a place to hang the colored picture that illustrates the lesson for the day and helps draw a crowd—in any of these unusual and unexpected places the Sunday schools are held. It is not unusual for one church to report a total attendance of two thousand in the afternoon classes. There are worship services and classes as in our church schools. An added attraction is found if the teachers have Sunday school papers or picture cards to give out to the pupils. And when they do have them, these papers and cards are sent by groups of people in our country. Unused, left-over Sunday school papers, picture post cards, Bible picture cards, pictures from magazines, these bring delight and are eagerly received by all, from the oldest man to the smallest child. The World Sunday School Association or denominational headquarters will supply information as to the assembling and sending of such material.

THE PHILIPPINE MOUNTAIN TRIBES

From the land of the palm tree one may journey to the land of the pine, far above sea level. The mountain coun-

try of the Philippines is a different world. Tropical verdure gives place to the pines, fern trees, flowers and vegetables of a temperate climate. The days are warm, with a cool breeze. The nights are chill, requiring heavy clothing, fires and blankets.

The people of the mountain regions, of whom there are only about half a million, are commonly known as mountain tribes or hill tribes. They are the pagan people of the islands. They are of the Malay race, the first great migration to enter the islands, and dwelling in the lowlands until they were forced into the hills by a new migration. Living in the more inaccessible regions they were able to resist the Spaniards, who feared these wild people. Not only did the hill tribes resist lowland Filipinos and Spanish invaders, but they were enemies of one another. In fact constant feuds existed among the villages, and head-hunting expeditions were frequent.

These tribes are sturdy, industrious, loyal, holding honor in high esteem, faithful to the pledged word. With great industry they build rice terraces up the steepest mountainsides, irrigating them with log flumes of bamboo tubes. They are thus able to raise two and three crops a year. Sweet potatoes, called camotes, are a favorite food, and other tubers, fruits, and vegetables are grown.

Some of the people live in villages, well-built and compact. Others are satisfied with rude shelters which are used merely as sleeping places and protection from storms. Types of houses range from low tent-like grass huts to strongly built houses of considerable size, stone, bamboo, and wood furnishing the material. Furnishing in the house is scant. The family wealth is counted not in money but in beads, jars, and similar possessions.

Costumes differ with tribes and places, but a general costume for women and girls consists of a straight short skirt which wraps around the body, and a little jacket with close-fitting sleeves. The dress is made of several layers of different materials, of gayest colors and many designs. Beads around the neck and wrists, and woven into hair, anklets and brass bracelets, add to the charm of the costume. Many men and boys wear only a loin cloth. They also favor earrings and other kinds of ornaments.

The women do not carry burdens upon the head as do the women of the lowlands. Instead they carry baskets on their backs, held in place by a strip of rattan fastened around the forehead. The babies are carried on the back with a blanket wrapped around the body. A mountain woman can run up the steep mountain trails easily carrying heavy loads, and the men with equal ease hurry up the trails, sure-footed and unwearied after miles of travel.

These women weave the bright-colored cloth which makes garments for both men and women. They also weave the bedspreads and various kinds of cloth which delight American visitors.

The mountain tribes have many religious ceremonies and rites. They believe in magic and in the power of mediums to foretell events. They establish spirit houses at the entrance to their villages, and place food and other gifts therein to appease evil spirits. Along the trails they place crude images for purposes of protection. There are special festivals and celebrations, strange, weird dances and incantations. In the evening around the village camp fires, folk stories are told, stories of daring exploits and conquests are recalled, folk songs and songs that repeat legend and history are sung and chanted.

Spanish friars and priests made but scant progress among these fierce people, and but few of them were Christianized during the four hundred years of Spanish occupation. The Americans found them living according to age-old habits and customs. Gradually the newcomers to the islands made friends with the mountain people, and today the American goes freely among them, treated everywhere as an honored guest and friend. Schools have been established and are well supported and attended. The young people are bright pupils, and their parents are appreciative of the educational advantages for their children. Government buildings are built and the affairs of government respected. The ballot has not yet been extended to the mountain people, and their governing officers are named by appointment.

Mission boards have sent missionaries and opened schools and hospitals. Churches have been organized, and many of the hill country people are Christians. Considerable missionary work is done among them by the Christian tribes of the lowlands. There are splendid Christian communities in remote villages.

The mountain people are perhaps the most interesting, colorful and picturesque of all the Filipino people. They are rapidly becoming civilized, and but few of them are wild and fierce and unfriendly toward strangers. They are loyal supporters of the established government and deserve our interest, respect and help.

THE MOROS

The last migration of the Malays was Mohammedan. The people were called by the other tribes Moros. They settled in the southern islands of the Philippine group and

resisted every effort to conquer them. They hated all Christians, both Spanish and Filipino ; to die killing Christians was their crowning glory and assured immediate entrance into a blissful hereafter.

The southern island Malays loved the sea and took delight in venturesome voyages. In the bays and inlets they liked to hide and dart out in sudden attacks upon passing boats. Year after year dreaded expeditions of pirate boats invaded the waters to the north, attacking villages along the shore, pillaging, burning, and killing people or carrying them into captivity. Along the shores of the northern islands today stand the vine-covered ruins of watch towers where once the watchmen constantly stood guard to warn of the approach of pirate fleets.

The Moro man wears trousers that fit close to the skin from hip to ankle, the trousers being slit at the sides from the knee, and decorated with fancy buttons ; sometimes the trousers are wide, flopping and bell-shaped. He wears a short tight little jacket decorated with buttons and sometimes embroidered in gorgeous colors and designs. He wears a hat or fez, and slippers or shoes. Around his waist he drapes a sash which he uses as a pocket for his weapon and the brass box in which he carries his betel nut and lime for chewing.

The Moro woman wears loose trousers and an embroidered jacket or close-fitting waist. Over her head she throws a long, wide piece of cloth which serves as a sunshade, or a cradle, a coverlet, or a hiding place for a weapon. Both men and women wear the bright-colored *sarong* or blanket which they drape about the shoulders. They are fond of gay colors, and their costumes are a riot of rainbow tints. Embroidery, brass buttons, jewelry,

are much in evidence. The handles of the weapons (knives) which the Moros always carry are beautifully carved and inlaid with silver. Western style of dress is gradually coming to be worn, especially by the younger generation. The children are dressed in much the same fashion as the children of the Christian tribes.

In the same fashion that they had withstood Spain, these dauntless people prepared to resist the Americans. But the Americans dealt fairly with them, using force where necessary but conquering through kindness, fair dealing and wise handling. The Moros then became friends of the Americans, and have cooperated with them in making improvements all over the islands. Clean, attractive port cities and inland villages, great piers extending into the water, landscape gardening, well kept streets lined with trees and flowers, hospitals, schools, testify to this cooperation.

The better type of Philippine house is well built of hardwood boards, with elaborate hand carving in fantastic designs and Arabic characters painted in gorgeous colors. The houses are comfortably furnished and attractive in appearance. Bamboo and thatched huts serve the poorer people. Along the seashore houses are often built out over the water and are reached by narrow bridges.

The mosques are built and decorated in much the same fashion as the houses. The Moros, like other Moslems, go to the mosque on Friday for the religious services. A drum calls them to worship. There are five special times for prayer daily. Feast and fast days, special processions, chants and dances, are all part of the Moro's religious observances.

Dancing, music, story-telling in which folk tales are passed down from generation to generation, extemporaneous speaking in rhyme, races, cock-fighting, spinning of tops, hunting, and fishing are among the amusements of the people. Through the public schools baseball and other Western games are becoming popular.

The Moros are good farmers and have extensive lands under cultivation. They dive for pearls, mother of pearl, shells and black coral, sometimes to the depth of a hundred feet. Before diving off the side of the boat, the Moro will wave his arms and twist his body in wild contortions in order to frighten the sharks, but he will not hesitate to dive into the water with his knife and kill one. The Moros excel at weaving cloths and straw mats, making pottery, and working in brass, iron, silver and gold. They are proud, self-reliant, warlike, brave, loyal in friendship, shrewd in bargaining, skilful in sport. They are capable of learning rapidly and do good work in school.

RIZAL DAY

The greatest patriotic demonstrations of the year in the Philippines come on Rizal Day, December thirtieth, commemorating the day on which José Rizal, who is the greatest and most loved of all Filipinos, was shot by order of the ruling Spanish officials. Every town celebrates this day. There are parades with elaborately decorated floats and bands, the school children and various organizations marching. There are programs with patriotic appeal and eulogy of Rizal. There are athletic contests and games of all sorts.

Rizal Day, 1930, has been selected as the time when the Friendship Treasure Chests which have been sent by chil-

dren of the United States are to be distributed to the children of the Philippines.

THE STORY OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO COULDN'T READ

Sitting in a church convention in the Philippine Islands was an old woman who could neither read nor write. She listened to an address on "The Bible, the Greatest Book in the World." Said she to herself, "Well, if that is the greatest book in the world, I want to own one." Her fumbling old hands untied the tight little knot in the corner of her apron and brought forth money enough out of her small supply to buy a Bible. When the convention was over she returned to her home, riding in one of the big trucks that do passenger service in the Islands. She plucked the sleeve of the man who sat beside her—never mind if he was a stranger—and said, "Here I have the greatest book in the world and I can't read. Will you read it to me?" So he read as they traveled along those beautiful tropical roads, and they both grew absorbed in the book.

When she reached home the old woman hurried to her home, laid down her bundle of clothes, and was soon greeting her neighbor. "Here," said she, "I have the greatest book in the world. I bought it at the convention. But I can't read. Will you read it to me?" So her neighbor became interested in the Bible as they shared this reading. Up and down the streets of her little village, in and out of the homes, went the little woman, armed with the same book and the same request. And everyone read to her, while there grew up in the village a great interest in the greatest book in the world.

HOW THE FIREFLY GOT HIS LIGHT

(A Philippine Folk Tale)

Once upon a time there was a great king who ruled over many islands. But his subjects were not human beings. They were the insect-folk and the bird-folk.

The king was very proud. He had a beautiful gold crown all set about with the white and pink and black coral which his people found in the ocean. He wore a wonderful ring, with a marvelous big pearl in it. He liked his beautiful crown so much that he sometimes even slept with it on his head. He was so proud of his rings also that he wore them night and day.

One day when the king had finished eating a banana for breakfast, he noticed that one of his rings was gone. For a moment he could hardly believe it. Where could it be? He looked all around. Then he flew into a rage. His attendants searched madly. No ring was to be found. The king's rage grew worse. He ordered every bird and every insect in the whole kingdom to stop work and come to the court. When they arrived, some of them quite breathless because they had hurried so, the king told them what had happened. "And now," he said, "every one of you must hunt until that ring is found, and no one shall have one bite of dinner until the ring is safe on my hand again. But if anyone finds the ring, I promise to give him anything in the kingdom that he wants."

The birds and the insects looked solemn. It was almost dinner time already for some of them. But they knew they had to do what the king said, so they hurried off in every direction. The king sat down on a branch to sulk. Suddenly he noticed a little fly buzzing around his

head. He shouted, "What does this mean? Why aren't you hunting for my ring? Be off, or I shall punish you!" The fly buzzed louder than ever. "O king," he said, "I have found your ring!" The king was puzzled and looked around. There was not even a sign of the ring around. "O king," said the little fly, "take off your royal crown." The king took it off, and there on one of the jeweled points hung the ring. The king had hung it there himself when he washed his hands for breakfast.

Soon every bird and insect was back, and you can imagine how glad they were to find that the ring was found and that they might have their dinners. The king called the little fly to him. "What is it that you want, little fly?" he said. "Tell me just what it is and I shall see that you have it."

The little fly bowed very low. "O king," he said, "there is nothing that I really need. All day long I fly about. There is plenty of food and sunshine, and I am very happy. But at night when it's dark I have to stay at home. If your majesty would just give me a little lantern to carry, I would dance all night for happiness."

So the king gave him a little lantern to carry, and every night in damp weather, as you go past the rice fields, you may see the little firefly and his family, dancing about by the light of the tiny lanterns they always carry with them.

THE STORY OF A MONKEY

(A Philippine Folk Tale)

One day when a monkey was climbing a tree in the forest in which he lived, he ran a thorn into his tail. Try as he would, he could not get it out, so he went to a barber

in the town and said, "Friend Barber, I have a thorn in the end of my tail. Pull it out and I will pay you well."

The barber tried to pull out the thorn with his razor, but in doing so he cut off the end of the tail. The monkey was very angry and cried, "Barber, barber, give me back my tail or give me your razor."

The barber could not put back the end of the monkey's tail, so he gave him his razor.

On the way home the monkey met an old woman who was cutting wood for fuel, and he said to her, "Grandmother, Grandmother, that is very hard. Use this razor and then it will cut easily."

The old woman was very pleased with the offer and began to cut with the razor, but before she had used it long it broke. Then the monkey cried, "Grandmother, Grandmother, you have broken my razor! You must get a new one for me or else give me all the firewood."

The old woman could not get a new razor, so she gave him the firewood.

The monkey took the wood and was going back to the town to sell it, when he saw a woman sitting beside the road making cakes. "Grandmother, Grandmother," said he, "your wood is almost gone. Take this of mine and bake more cakes."

The woman took the wood and thanked him for his kindness, but when the last stick was burned, the monkey cried out, "Grandmother, Grandmother, you have burned up all my wood. Now you must give me all your cakes to pay for it."

The old woman could not cut more dry wood at once, so she gave him all the cakes.

The monkey took the cakes and started for the town,

but on the way he met a dog which bit him so that he died. And the dog ate all the cakes.

—From *Philippine Folk Tales*. By permission.

GAMES THE FILIPINO CHILDREN PLAY

ILOCANO BALL

This is an old game of the Filipino people and is played by boys and men. They are accustomed to collect on street corners or in vacant lots where there is plenty of space. The cool of the evening is the favorite time for the game.

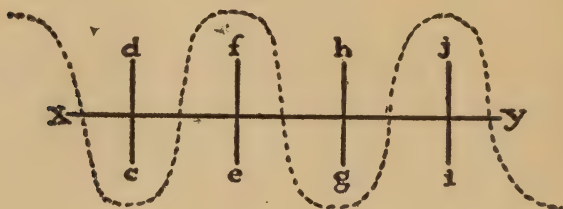
The ball is made of rattan, hollow with open spaces between the weaving, so it is very light. It is tossed into the air and the fun has begun. The players keep the ball in motion by kicking it with the sole of the foot. It must never be touched by any other part of the body. Considerable skill is required to twist the foot into the correct position to toss the ball with the sole. It is difficult, too, to keep balanced, in the rapid movement and intricate twisting that is required. The point is to keep the ball in motion as long as possible. When it touches the ground it is tossed into the air again, and the game begins once more. Points are scored every time the ball is successfully kicked.

There are variations of the game where the elbow or the heel is used.

PANTALUNTUN

Two captains are chosen, who in turn choose sides. In the Philippine Islands the children play in the dusty streets, and for this game they make lines in the dust by sprinkling water on it with a sprinkler. In this country,

on the gym floor or out in the open, lines may be made in the usual way. The following diagram shows the way in which the lines are made, as many lines as there are players to a team and about five feet apart.



Team A takes the field. The captain moves anywhere along the line x-y. Each man takes his place on some one line—c-d, e-f, etc. He may move anywhere along that line. No player on this team may step off his particular line. At a given signal the other team attempts to go from one end of the field to the other and then back again, running in the space between the lines, as indicated by the dots in the diagram. As soon as one player is touched by the players on the lines, a point is scored for Team A, and Team B takes up positions on the lines. If, on the other hand, all of Team B gets through untouched, a point is scored by that side, and a second attempt is made by them. Any recreation leader will be able to make variations of this game to suit his group.

SAN PEDRO (played like Jacob and Rachel)

A blindfolded player chases another in the center of a circle. When he catches him, the one caught becomes San Pedro, and another fugitive is selected.

KURIT BAA (*similar to hide-and-seek*)

All players but one, who is blindfolded, hide. When all are ready a whistle is blown. The searcher then removes his blindfold and hunts till he finds one player. The one found hunts for the next one, and that one when found hunts for the next. When all are found, or when the whistle calls in those who cannot be found, the first one found becomes It for the second game.

This game is usually played outside on moonlit nights, when the shadows of trees and stones make excellent hiding places. An indoor variation would be to let each child hide his hat or shoe or ring, and then be seated in one room until the article is found, upon which he claims it as his and takes up the search.

GAME OF THE STICKS

With a piece of chalk, mark a ring on the floor about eighteen inches or two feet in diameter. Place about six sticks within the circle, and give each player two stones. The players in turn attempt to knock the sticks out of the circle by hitting them with the stones. The players can be lined up into two or more teams. Each team then plays in turn, player for player. A player scores five for each stick he knocks out of the circle. The players, in throwing, stand about ten feet away from the circle.

—From *Philippine Islands Play Hour*. By permission.

DAY AND NIGHT

A soft flat slipper is needed for this game. The children are divided into two teams, with a captain for each. One team is called Day, and the other, Night. The leader of the first team takes the soft slipper and standing be-

tween the two teams, tosses it into the air. If it lands right side up, the Days try to catch the Nights; if wrong side up, the Nights try to catch the Days. In running, each team tries to get to the opposite side. If a player gets to the opposite side he remains with his team, but if caught he plays with the opposing team. The game continues until all of the players are on one side or the other. The captains take turns in tossing the shoe, and do not participate in the catch.

—From *Philippine Islands Play Hour*. By permission.

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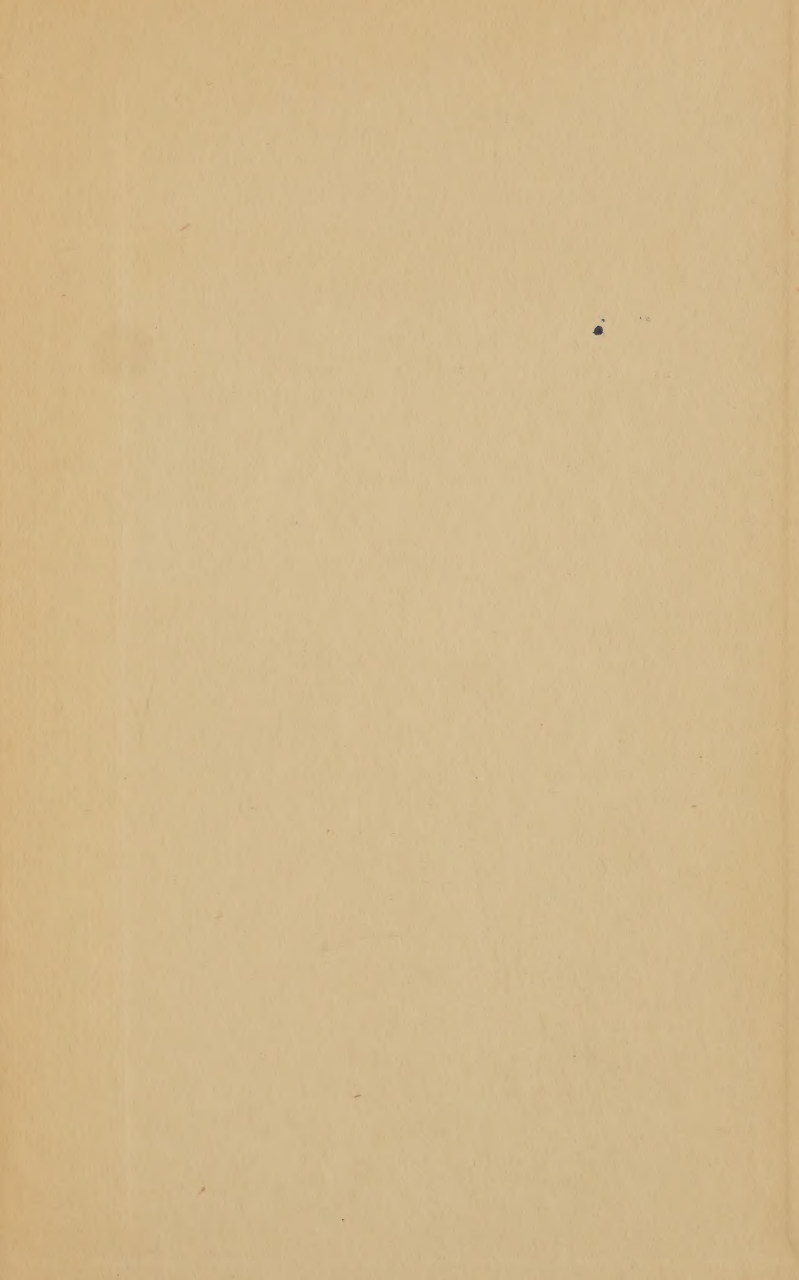
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